

LISTEN

A
JOURNAL
OF
BETTER
LIVING





Who Makes the Decisions?

Of the young people questioned by the Gilbert Youth Research Company, 76 per cent say that they have some say in choosing the TV program to watch in their home, 74 per cent decided on how much time to spend studying, and 70 per cent choose their own curfew hour.

Among the 643 questioned of both boys and girls, 57 per cent of the girls said they go to mother more often for advice, and 49 per cent of the boys said they also turn to mother first. Which parent was the stricter? As a group, 49 per cent said it was father, 56 per cent of the boys and 42 per cent of the girls.

The majority, 72 per cent of the boys and 90 per cent of the girls, agreed that their parents took the time to give them good advice.

Barbiturates Are Poison

One out of every 2,000 admissions to United States hospitals is for barbiturate poisoning.

Secret of Success in Law

When former police sergeant Edward J. Kirk resigned from the Cleveland police force to practice law, he began to make regular rounds of bars and taverns, much as a policeman would cover his beat, looking for possible clients. He attributes much of his success to this source of clientele. In about three years he filed 186 lawsuits, totaling damages claimed by plaintiffs of \$8,214,413.

Seeing Themselves

Police officials in Denver say that sound movies of drunk-driving suspects could save the city taxpayers upwards of \$60,000 a year. How? These films taken on the spot by experts would preserve evidence of whether a man had been drinking. The film would picture drivers while they undergo the normal visual tests given in such cases.

Tranquilized Drivers

Two policemen in Oakland, California, have found that 10 per cent of motorists now being arrested for drunk driving are actually under the influence of tranquilizers plus alcohol. In this way they avoid prosecution because when they are given the blood alcohol test, their blood shows only .05 or .06 per cent of alcohol. A level of .15 is needed for conviction.

Too Much Advertising

Ireland plans to double its whisky advertising in the United States. From March, 1958, to March, 1959, Ireland spent \$126,000 on such advertising.

Tell the Truth!

Russian novelists have been advised to avoid writing with relish about drinking at banquets and parties in order not to obstruct the government's strong campaign against alcoholism. They are now to follow the lead of Jack London: "His John Barleycorn cannot be perused without a shudder."

Misappropriation of Funds?

Ten California Congressmen have asked for \$50,000 to expand the size of the greenhouse at the Davis branch of the University of California. This is used for research considered vital to the state's wine industry.

Not the Type

A study carried on by a prominent psychiatrist, Dr. Alexander C. Rosen, of the Los Angeles Psychoneurotic Institute, has raised doubts about the existence of any distinct personality type which can be labeled "alcoholic."

The Perfect Host

When Khrushchev met with the Egyptian dictator, Nasser, who is a devout Moslem and abhors alcohol, the Russian leader deferred to his guest by saying, "When you are with me, I never drink."

No Recession Here

Last year \$2,113,548,000 was paid in taxes on distilled spirits, a gain of \$68,000,000 over the previous year. Also, the tax take on domestic and imported varieties of spirits increased, since Uncle Sam collected \$10.50 per gallon on each kind. Beer collections rose from \$764,211,000 in 1957 to \$767,939,000 in 1958, but wine collections dipped by \$604,000 to \$90,322,000.

NOT COMPATIBLE WITH PUBLIC OFFICE

Donald Stark, when elected mayor of Petoskey, Michigan, faced the dilemma of choosing between being mayor or selling beer and wine. The Michigan Liquor Control Commission notified him that he could not hold a license to sell intoxicants if he became mayor, because as mayor he would be "chief enforcer of the peace."

LISTEN

A Journal of Better Living

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1959
Volume 12 Number 5

OUR COVER

There is hardly any more exacting career than that of professional modeling, with its rigorous schedules and tedious posing. Long hours before the cameras, and meticulous modeling of new clothes, are by no means easy assignments.

Marian Belding, however, takes these in her stride, and finds time also to be mother to her three children and homemaker for her doctor husband—a tribute to her closely planned daily program and her careful watchfulness of her living habits. "Listen's" cover is by Myles De Russy of New Orleans.

PHOTO CREDITS

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LISTEN—bimonthly journal of better living, published in the interests of scientific education for the prevention of alcoholism and narcotics addiction. Endorsed and utilized nationally by Narcotics Education, Incorporated.

Second-class mail privileges authorized at Mountain View, California.


Yearly subscription, United States and its possessions, Canada, Mexico, and Pan-American Union, \$2.00; single copy, 35 cents; to other countries taking extra postage, \$2.25; single copy, 40 cents.

When change of address is desired, notify the Pacific Press Publishing Association. Please send the old address as well as the new, and allow four weeks for change to become effective.

Copyright, 1959, by the American Temperance Society, W. A. Scharffenberg, Executive Secretary.

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Diet and Drink

WHAT you have on your dinner plate may have a great deal to do with what you will want in your glass. In other words, your diet influences considerably your habits and tastes in drinking.

This fact has been demonstrated by many studies and research projects in recent years, and now is shown again by the work of Dr. Roger J. Williams, of the University of Texas, well-known nutritionist and biochemist, and specialist in nutrition and alcoholism.

Alcoholics as a group do not eat well, he observes. As the result of a long period of neglect and abuse they have to rebuild themselves nutritionally.

To form a practical basis for accomplishing this, Dr. Williams comes up with a series of practical suggestions, some dealing directly with diet, others with general health habits.

1. The diet should contain plenty of high-quality protein. This may be obtained through generous servings of cheese, eggs, milk, and other high-protein foods.

2. Minerals and vitamins are also needed, as found in the above foods, plus fresh fruits and vegetables. Such vegetables as carrots, cabbage, broccoli, and Brussels sprouts are especially valuable because of their calcium content.

3. The alcoholic should restrict his use of all refined foods in order to remedy his nutritional ailments. Such foods, which, according to Dr. Williams, include sugar sirups, white rice, macaroni products, and white flour, "tend to crowd out of the diet, as does alcohol, many of the food elements that are needed for rehabilitation."

4. Special nutritional supplements containing vitamins and trace minerals will help to supply the daily needs under the new nutrition program. These need to be determined on a person-to-person basis, because individual food requirements vary so greatly.

Wise eating on the part of the alcoholic will make it possible for him to abstain, says Dr. Williams, and he "should strive valiantly to find other things in life worth living for."

5. Besides good food, the alcoholic needs plenty of rest, also some kind of outdoor or indoor exercise. Allow-

ing the life to grow too sedentary may cause "an increased sensitivity of the appetite control center to the effects of alcohol."

6. Cultivating varied interests and making wise social adjustments are essential. "Anything that promotes the health of the mind promotes the health of the body, just as anything that promotes body health promotes a healthy mind. Psychological problems tend to melt away when an alcoholic stays off liquor and eats good food for a few days."

7. People in general, alcoholics and others, need to recognize the importance of being individuals, of self-determination to the place of eliminating embarrassment if one's drinking habits don't follow a prescribed pattern set by the majority.

This seven-point program to reclaim alcoholics is excellent, practical, and well balanced, designed to accomplish the greatest good in bringing the victims of heavy drinking back to normal.

It might also be pointed out, however, that this program is an even better preventive measure. If it were followed in the first place no one would need fear the inroads of alcoholism. A person's physical strength and mental acuity would remain such that he would not be dragged down by drink, or possibly even tempted by it.

This is a commendable list of suggestions for healthful living on a general basis. We hope it can be followed widely, not merely as a rehabilitative measure, but also as a preventive measure, for, as Dr. Williams observes, "the prevention of alcoholism in young people should be easier than the cure of confirmed cases where severe damage to the nervous tissue may make rehabilitation difficult. How much better it will be if prevention can be accomplished!"

Francis A. Soper



J. V. Sheppard

The sleeping pill you take tonight may involve you in a serious accident tomorrow. The tranquilizer you take before breakfast may land you in the hospital by evening.

Many drugs now in common use, whether prescribed by your doctor or bought over the counter, can affect your ability to drive a car, and may thus result in accidental injury to yourself or others.

Various drugs are dangerous for different reasons: One may slow your reaction time, another may make you drowsy, and a third may cause you to become reckless, overconfident, or inattentive. To make matters worse, the effects of even a small dose of certain drugs may persist for as long as twenty-four hours. Drugs of this nature should be taken *only* by passengers, not by drivers.

We are all familiar by now with the grim statistics in regard to motor vehicle accidents in the United States: a death every thirteen minutes and an injury every twenty-three seconds. This problem is being attacked from many angles, one of the most promising of which is a study of health, medical, and drug factors in highway safety. Outstanding efforts in this field are being made by (1) the Committee on Highway Safety Research of the National Academy of Sciences, National Research Council, and (2) the Committee on Medical Aspects of Automobile Crash Injuries and Deaths, organized in 1956 by the American Medical Association.

Before a new drug is put on the market, the law requires that it be tested to discover any injurious physical effects it might have on the user; but most drugs are not tested for their effects on human behavior. This is un-

Drugs: Danger to Drivers

Pills that put you in a dreamy state are strictly for the passenger, not the driver.

fortunate, because recent studies indicate that attitudes and temperament are as important in safe driving as physical or mental ability. A driver with keen senses and a fast reaction time can still be a hazard on the highway if he is reckless, overconfident, or aggressive.

This is where drugs enter the picture, for many drugs exert a profound influence on attitudes and emotions. In pointing up the need to test new drugs for their psychological effects, Dr. Carney Landis, of the New York State Psychiatric Institute and Columbia University, has said: "I am convinced that one probable source of human failure leading to highway accidents may be found in the side effect of medication."

Unfortunately, it is difficult to generalize about such effects because people vary widely in their reactions to a particular drug. Some are nauseated by aspirin, others can't tolerate caffeine, and some have serious reactions to penicillin. It is impossible to predict in advance which persons will be sensitive to a drug; and to make matters worse, the same person may react differently to the same drug at different times.

So if you are taking any drug that could impair your driving ability, "ground" yourself until you have become completely familiar with your reactions to the drug.

Although many drugs might conceivably affect driving performance, only a few of them have been studied to date, notably the antihistamines (to relieve allergies), tranquilizers, sedatives, and some painkillers.

Since many patent medicines are actually combinations of several drugs, it is often difficult to know exactly what you *are* taking. Thus, some patients have reported drowsiness, disturbances of vision, and dizziness after taking proprietary preparations to relieve pain or cold symptoms. Some of the opium derivatives affect motor skills, judgment, and the ability to concentrate on the task at hand.

Drugs of the antihistamine group should be on the "take with caution" list if a person plans to drive. Medical science has found that some antihistamines are almost as potent as barbiturates in inducing sleep. In fact, many proprietary preparations sold for their sleep-producing effect are essentially antihistamine preparations. They should be avoided by drivers who ordinarily suffer from sleepiness at the wheel. Here again, no one can say flatly that all drugs of this class will make every user sleepy; we do know that *some* antihistamines make *some* users drowsy. It is worth noting, however, that Air Force pilots are grounded for twenty-four hours after taking a dose of antihistamines.

Tranquilizers, now being used by millions of patients, may act in a variety of ways to handicap a driver. Drugs of this nature can make you drowsy, impair your physical co-ordination, and slow down your reactions to the hazard point. The timing between safety and crashing is only a split second, so any drug that slows up your reaction time while driving may cost you your life.

The most dangerous aspect of tranquilizers, however, is not their physical effect but their psychological effect. Meproamate, for example, is said to induce a "couldn't care less" attitude which may lead you to disregard normal fears and to be unconcerned about traffic conditions. The effect, however, varies from one individual to another; many people don't feel it at all.

In the past few years Dr. G. R. Wendt and a group of investigators in the department of psychology, University of Rochester, New York, have been studying the effects of drugs on human behavior, including driving behavior. In one series of experiments they studied the influence of drugs on the motor skills, attitudes, and intellectual abilities of a group of male college students.

Their reactions to seconal, a barbiturate, were of special interest because, as Dr. Wendt says, "perhaps millions of doses of this or related substances are used annually, so that at any time, there are almost certainly numerous

auto drivers who are under its influence." Psychological tests showed that the students became highly self-confident after taking an average dose of seconal. "Under large doses of it, they indubitably become reckless," says Dr. Wendt.

University staff members, rather than students, were used in tests to determine the effects of drugs on actual driving behavior. In each case a nonmedicated staff member accompanied the "drugged driver." The effects of drugs on driving ability were, in most cases, exactly what would have been predicted from the laboratory tests run on the students. For example, Dr. Wendt concluded that seconal "would seem to be extremely bad for the reckless driver and would probably be bad for most drivers who have dangerous driving habits."

The Rochester experiments revealed that different drugs in the barbiturate class act somewhat differently. Thus amytal may produce feelings of hostility, which could prove dangerous in driving; nembutal "introduces a mischievous, . . . and often silly element into behavior," which could also lead to irresponsible driving habits.

The motion-sickness drugs contain antihistamines; and, as might be expected, the students who took dramamine reported feeling tired, gloomy, sluggish, and indifferent—hardly a desirable frame of mind for a driver to be in.

In these studies the reactions to each drug were so typical that after a little experience, the staff members who were observing the students could tell, without advance information, which students had taken which drugs.

Though it is difficult to determine how long the effects of many drugs persist, it is certainly longer than most of us realize. For example, seconal taken at bedtime has a diminishing effect until about 2:00 p.m. on the following day; amytal lasts about thirty-six hours; nembutal effects persist for perhaps twenty-four hours. Considerably more research needs to be done on the question of drug hang-overs.

Another dangerous thing to watch out for: The taking of certain drugs can greatly intensify the effect of other drugs taken at the same time. Thus a combination of alcohol, meproamate, and barbiturates leads more quickly to drunkenness than alcohol alone.

One group of drugs which do not have an adverse effect on driving ability but which should be taken with caution are the stimulants, known as "bennies," widely used to prevent sleepiness while driving. These drugs can be dangerous if drivers depend on them to counteract overwhelming fatigue. The Interstate Commerce Commission records reveal the case of a driver who was killed when he fell asleep at the wheel and drove his trailer truck off the road. Found on his body was a letter, addressed to his brother, stating that he had been driving for three days without sleep, using bennies to stay awake.

If you need a stimulant before driving, consult your doctor as to the proper dosage and safe use of these drugs. As Dr. John A. Rodger says, "There is a deadly 'road fatigue' which is relievably by drugs, but . . . there is a complete fatigue relievably only by sleep."

When it comes to drugs, the safest rule is, None for the road.

Seven practical steps to help reduce the danger of drugs on our highways:

1. More public education is needed concerning the proper use of drugs.
2. Patent medicines sold over the counter should list all the ingredients and warn of any potential bad effects on driving ability.
3. When prescribing drugs, a physician should warn his patient if it is not safe for him to drive while taking this medication. (The A.M.A. Committee on Highway Safety has already circulated information on this matter to physicians.)
4. New methods are needed for testing the effects of drugs on human behavior and for measuring the persistence of these effects.
5. Cities should organize traffic-court clinics, staffed with physicians and psychologists, where repeat offenders can be examined for diseases, personality traits, and drug use which may affect driving ability.
6. Co-operative research teams would be helpful, consisting of doctors, psychologists, highway engineers, and other specialists, so as to get a composite picture of driver behavior.
7. Each one who drives a car should be familiar with his own reactions to drugs and adopt the slogan, "If You're Drugged, Don't Drive."

From less than \$100 worth of groceries to an annual volume of business totaling more than \$85,000,000; from a tiny frame building in the small town of Kerrville, Texas, with 450 square feet, to a chain of 77 stores in 29 Texas cities extending over a 450-mile territory from the southern tip of Texas to the north central part of the state—this is the story of the H. E. Butt grocery business.

Mrs. Florence Butt, having moved from Mississippi to Texas because of her pharmacist husband's health, opened the doors to the business after being an agent for the A & P Tea Company. A teacher, a graduate of Clinton College with the highest honors in her class, and the only girl, this pioneer woman was well qualified



Man of Purpose

The story of Howard E. Butt, Jr., one of the most amazing young business and lay religious leaders of today.

MARION
RUBINSTEIN

for her work as manager of a prosperous grocery business.

This business that she launched was based in the old days on credit and delivery services, and the cost of wholesaling and retailing was around 35 per cent of the gross profits. In contrast, at the present time, this expense accounts for only one half of that percentage in American grocery chains.

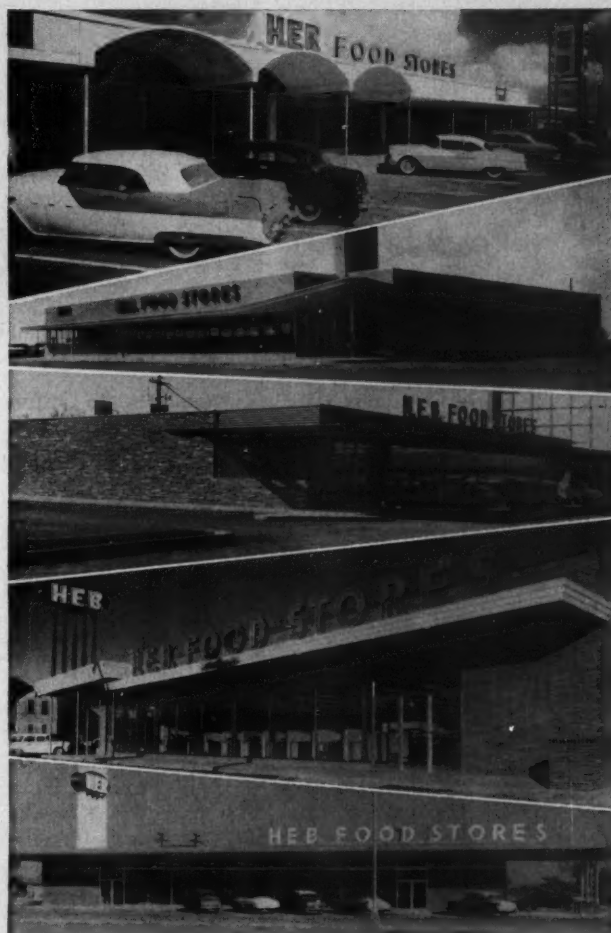
In 1922, when the business was changed over to cash-and-carry with self-service to get it out of the red, customers and friends predicted a decline in trade, but the company began a public relations program that won new friends. At its new openings it gave away various items, including live chickens thrown off the roof with tags for free groceries.

Wider expansion began when H. E. Butt, Sr., bought three stores in 1928, and during the depression years borrowed money "from Brownwood to Brownsville." At a time when people had little money, this grocer specialized in low-priced food for the workingman. Now the business includes not only markets, but also bakeries, ice-cream plants, food processing, automobile agencies, canneries, beverage plants, and warehouses.

When Mrs. H. E. Butt, Sr., who has been a guiding light of the business through the years, bought a new car not long ago, higher priced and of the latest model, she said, "The car is nice, but nothing can equal the thrill my husband and I felt when we were able to afford our first delivery wagon."

Her son, Howard E. Butt, Jr., vice-president of the company, carries on heavy executive responsibilities in the growing grocery chain.

Born September 8, 1927, in Kerrville, Howard, Jr., at the age of seven began working in his father's store in Harlingen, and at fifteen served as relief manager. But when he went to Baylor University in Waco, he became interested in preaching.





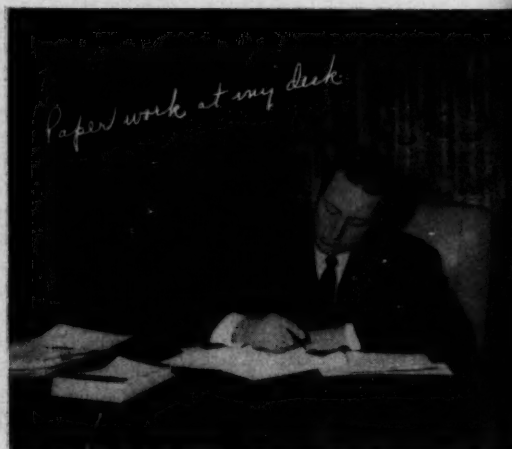
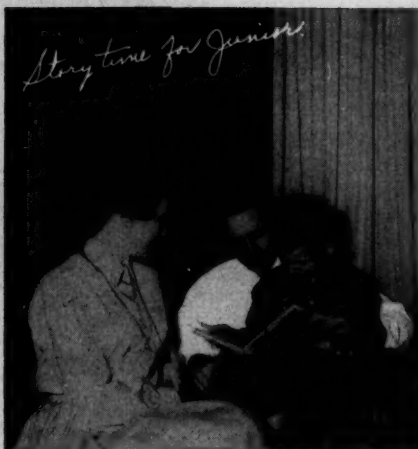
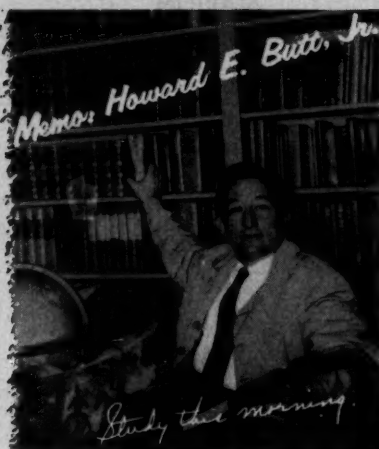
Lay Preacher with Billy Graham

this was a good omen," related her grandson as he sat in his spacious office on the second floor of the H.E.B. Stores building in Corpus Christi. One wall was covered with special citations and awards to the young man who has been described as "a real disciple for reviving Christian lay witnessing."

Since 1946 Howard, Jr., an amazing young man, has made more than 2,500 appearances in twenty-five states and seven foreign countries, in churches, city-wide schools, universities, civic clubs, ministerial groups, military installations, and other places.

About this young leader, who looks ten years younger than his admitted thirty-one years, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale said, "One of the most competent, dedicated, and important young men in America today. Gifted in business administration, he *could* work and achieve selfishly."

Yet Howard E. Butt, Jr., has chosen to be unselfish. How far-reaching this unselfishness is can be well illustrated by relating one single fact. Nowhere in any of his 77 stores which cover an area reaching as far



When in 1955, he received an award from the Corpus Christi Jaycees for being one of the five most outstanding young Texans, he was the youngest man ever to be chosen for this award.

Howard, Jr., actually leads a double life, since he spends a third of his time in lay religious activities, for which he does not receive any pay or compensation for travel expenses. When asked about his continued interest in the grocery business, he replied, "I have to go home and sell beans once in a while." He says, however, that he sells two kinds of food—one for the body, and another for the soul, and that he "bootlegs" the gospel as God's groceryman.

You've seen his picture in your daily newspapers many a time when he accompanied Billy Graham in his evangelistic crusades in New York and Scotland.

When Howard's grandmother moved to Kerrville with her tubercular husband, she was cleaning out the tiny living quarters over the store one day and found a little Bible.

"My grandmother, who was very devout, thought

north as Waco and to the border of Mexico and covering 30 different cities, is liquor sold. And this is in Texas where such a principle poses a strong economic problem.

Commenting on this unusual situation, Howard E. Butt, Jr., said without any heroics: "We simply feel that our business of selling food to Texas families does not require merchandising beer or liquor."

Asked to elaborate, young Butt added: "My faith is a positive thing. What we need desperately today is a positive approach to our faith. I want to stand for something."

And Howard E. Butt, Jr., certainly does "stand for something," not only when he shares Billy Graham's pulpit or in his own Baptist community in Corpus Christi, but among people of all faiths. The first time I heard him spoken of with warm affection was in the Temple Beth El where Rabbi Sidney Wolf had invited me for their Sabbath service.

The good rabbi, himself a leader in all community endeavor in Corpus Christi, introduced me to one of his members and told her why I was in town.

"Howard Butt?" came the delighted exclamation from Mrs. Berlin. "I *know him!* I knew him when he was only that little," her hand indicating a foot from the floor. "He used to carry my groceries out to my car. He's such a fine boy." She paused for a moment. "But he's not a boy any more. He's really a fine man."

"Yes, he is," added Rabbi Wolf. "I've worked with him on many a community project. He does a splendid job. He's truly an amazing young man."

The next morning at the Chamber of Commerce I sat in the office of Dan Chamberlain. "Howard Butt now? Is that who you're writing up?" asked that dynamic executive director in an Irish brogue strongly tinged with a Boston "Hahvahd" accent. "He sure is a fine boy. Every Christmas he sends me a cake as big as this desk. Just a grand person. The only trouble is that he's so busy that he can't give us a helping hand here as much as we'd like him to. But when he does," that shake of his head told me more than Chamberlain's words. "When he does, he sure does a wonderful job."

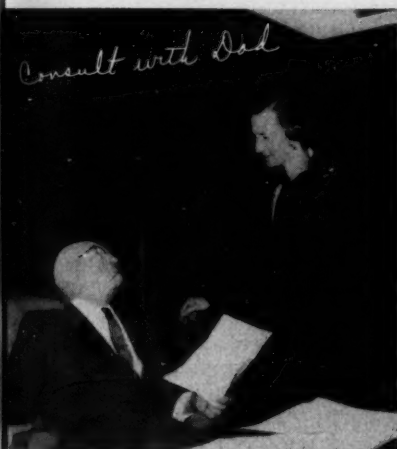
Later in the day, in the office of the Catholic bishop

There are many other places that Howard E. Butt, Jr., has spoken for the cause he believes in. Among them has been the Presidential Prayer Breakfast attended by President Eisenhower and hundreds of national leaders, the Baptist World Alliance in London, the National Presbyterian Men's Convention in Miami, the Baptist World Youth Congress in Rio de Janeiro, the N.B.C. television "Frontiers of Faith" program.

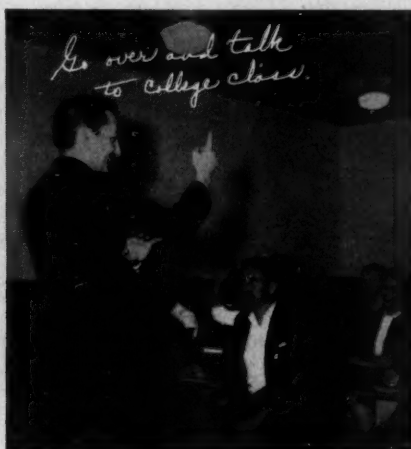
Asked how he could take so much time away from his business, he answered with great sincerity: "My task is to be a good Christian first and a businessman second. I want to do something about my beliefs."

He paused and then continued: "My father is deeply sympathetic to my work." He spoke with great respect and warm affection of his father, with whom he is associated in the H.E.B. Stores, and of his mother, who is head of the Butt Foundation. She is a leader in many welfare and philanthropic movements in Corpus Christi, Texas.

"I am also fortunate," continued Howard, "in having a group of key executives who (Turn to page 28.)



Consult with Dad



Go over and talk to college class.



Plan program with Kenneth Hellweg for Christian Men, Inc.

of Corpus Christi, the same question was asked of me: What was I doing in Corpus Christi?

When I answered, Bishop Garriga looked up at me over his glasses and said: "Howard Butt, a really fine boy! I wish he'd make up his mind whether he wants to be a preacher or a businessman. I wish he'd become a preacher. He'd make a very good one."

Agreeing on this score are thousands of businessmen throughout this country. They have heard Howard E. Butt, Jr., preach at their business conventions. Many businessmen have thus for the first time attended a full-length, nondenominational service of this kind. Heretofore only the briefest of lip service in the form of an invocation has been given.

These nondenominational services have proved successful. The National Stationery and Office Equipment Association repeated their full-length service this year with an attendance of three thousand men. The National Automobile Dealers Association has held such a service for three years now, with an average attendance of five thousand.



Call San Antonio on appointment -- wife has letter.



Off to meeting -- take dictation machine

WHY THE NARCOTICS



The Neglected Back Door...

WILLIAM L. ROPER

WHY does narcotics addiction continue to grow in the United States? Are our educational and law-enforcement efforts proving inadequate? What can you and I do to help check this growing menace that is ruining so many young lives?

Seeking an answer to these questions in California, which has long headed the list of areas where the dope problem is most acute, the State Board of Corrections has recommended a new unified plan of attack, calling for the establishment of a central agency and a tightening of law enforcement and including legislation to set up narcotics treatment control units in state prisons and reformatories. Such corrective treatment, according to a survey conducted by Richard A. McGee, director of corrections, is badly needed.

While urging a stepped-up enforcement campaign to cut off the supply of illicit drugs, the board opposes heavier penalties for narcotics peddlers, despite a popular demand for stiffer punishment of offenders. Some youth groups have urged death for anyone selling heroin and other opium products to teen-agers.

The new California plan, however, neglects to correct one of the fundamental weaknesses in the fight to curb addiction—the coddling of lawbreakers and the quick, easy paroles that tend to make our prisons training schools for crime instead of deterrents from crime.

This indication of leniency in the treatment of offenders has given rise to the charge that narcotics peddlers and other prison inmates are being coddled in California. McGee heatedly denies this, but he admits

that correction workers are doing a poor job of handling the short-term offender. "Those of us who are in this work," he declares, "know that we are merely chasing this problem through a huge revolving door."

But it is through these big revolving doors that many uncured addicts and confirmed peddlers are now being released prematurely, to add to the nation's rapidly growing crime problem.

In California during 1956 a record number of 4,118 prisoners—murderers, dope peddlers, and other persons convicted of vicious crimes—were paroled. In 1957 and 1958 many more were turned loose before they had served their sentences. Some had been convicted of first-degree murder. Some had murdered the souls of teen-agers by inducing them to become habitual users of heroin.

However, this quick parole evil is not confined to California. On December 2, 1958, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* reported that Governor George M. Leader had that day ordered the release of thirteen Philadelphia dope peddlers and one addict before their terms expired, despite the opposition of Secretary of Internal Affairs Genevieve Blatt and District Attorney Victor H. Blanc of Philadelphia.

"As had happened before," the report continued, "Miss Blatt's name was again rubber-stamped on the commutation papers as having approved clemency for the narcotics pushers. This time, however, her name was scratched off by pardon-board aids before the papers were filed with the secretary of the commonwealth's office. She is a member of the pardon board."

Earlier Miss Blatt had created a sensation in Pennsylvania when she went to the state office and personally struck her name from commutation papers, after the governor's office had ignored her protest. Twelve narcotics peddlers had been ordered released at that time by the governor, the pardon board having decided that the prisoners were entitled to time off for good conduct in prison.

So seriously did Representative James E. Van Zandt of Pennsylvania view this clemency for dope peddlers that he brought the matter to the attention of Congress.

In California the easy, quick paroles being given narcotics traffickers and other persons convicted of serious crimes have aroused little

(Turn to page 28.)

THE AUTHOR

William Roper, of Chino, California, is a careful and constant observer of current social and economic trends, particularly in regard to law enforcement and crime problems. His article in "Listen" three years ago, highlighting the liquor situation in California, stirred much public interest and helped set the stage for needed changes. He has recently made a special study of the narcotics problem, and here presents "Listen" readers a suggestion toward solution.

S MENACE GROWS



The Neglected Classroom Instruction . . .

JOSEPH F. FIEDORAL

DRUG addiction has been with us in the United States since opiates were introduced into this country. However, drug addiction among our youth is primarily a postwar problem. Figures released by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics state that there are more than 60,000 addicts in the continental United States. I seriously doubt the accuracy of this figure, for it represents only those known and arrested, whose case histories were mailed to the Bureau.

It is a fact well known among law-enforcement men that 80 per cent of our addicts are under thirty years of age, 60 per cent are twenty-five and under, and 20 per cent are twenty-one and under. Most of these addicts became addicted during their teens. When arrested, only about one in twenty admitted that he had been warned or told of the viciousness of the drug that he subsequently became addicted to and to which he is now enslaved.

At the present time in many schools in the United States there is no affirmative program of narcotics education being carried on. Narcotics addiction has always been a hush-hush subject. Why? A United Nations resolution bans the direct education of youth about narcotics. Also, our Federal Bureau of Narcotics is opposed to this type of organized education in our schools. Sex education is acceptable today, but education about the

horrors of drug addiction is no less necessary and should be no less acceptable. Regardless of such opinions and feelings, it is my belief that *the horrors of drug addiction* should be a part of every high-school curriculum in the country.

In one year in Chicago five youngsters between the ages of ten and fourteen came to the attention of the police as drug users. This would indicate that education is necessary even for pupils in the upper four grades of elementary school. Competent teachers can show drug addiction to be a morbid, gruesome habit, that there is no thrill, kick, or satisfaction in being enslaved by this dirty poison. The drugs most often used by addicts and their effects on the body should be stressed.

Why do I insist on an educational program? Let us consider the views of certain experts, in fighting this dope menace. On the one hand, some narcotics officials and other distinguished leaders believe in stiffer jail sentences and the electric chair when necessary. The new laws they sought were enacted in July, 1956; yet these laws have not acted as complete deterrents to smugglers, importers, sellers, and pushers.

On the other hand, a group of noted physicians, including members of the New York Academy of Medicine recommend the establishment and use of clinics with medical supervision to dispense drugs at cost, or at a nominal price to the addict. These well-intentioned persons seem unaware that there is *no* real cure for drug addiction.

The United States Public Health Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, is one of the outstanding institutions of the world for curing addicts, but of all the hundreds of addicts sent there from Chicago, no cure was effected. Upon release from the hospital, many of the addicts would dig up "kits" that they had buried before entering the hospital. They would prepare a "fix" before boarding a train for home. If they cannot be cured in the world's greatest hospital, how can they be cured with ambulatory treatment and clinics? (Turn to page 30.)

THE AUTHOR

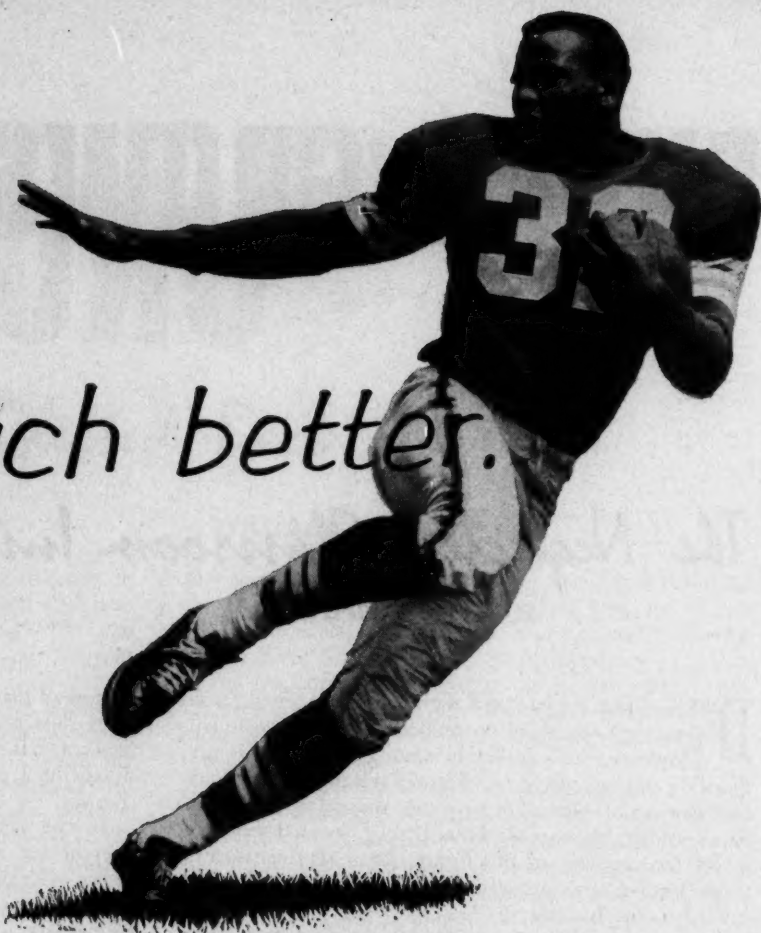
For twenty-seven years Joseph Fiedoral dealt directly with the narcotics problem, receiving much of his inside information in the notorious Maxwell Street district of Chicago, once the focal point of drug distribution. His specialized training came from Southern Police Institute, Western Reserve University, and the Federal Narcotics School. He has spoken to thousands of high-school students on the drug menace, and is widely known as an educator.

"...that much better.

Jim Brown

Football Great

Interview by Richard Wager



LAST fall when the New York Giants defeated the Cleveland Browns for the Eastern Division title of the National Football League, they had but one formula—to stop Jim Brown.

During only two seasons of professional football Jim already has won universal acclaim as an all-time gridiron great, plus comparable respect from those who have met and known him, as a gentleman and for his ideals of personal living.

Strong-willed in whatever he does, both on and off the playing field, Jim credits no small measure of his success to his steadfast refusal ever since he was a child to drink or smoke.

At Manhasset High School, Long Island, Jim starred in football, basketball, lacrosse, and track. He set a high-school basketball scoring record of 55 points in one game for Long Island, made a high jump of 6 feet 3 inches, and was chief justice of his high-school's student court. At Syracuse University, Jim set more records as an all-American fullback.

In 1958, after his first season with the Cleveland Browns, he was voted "rookie of the year" of professional football. At the close of the season his fellow players, teammates and opposition alike, voted him NFL "player of the year." Though many honors have been accorded him, however, Jim remains the same quiet, retiring person he was when he first came to Cleveland.

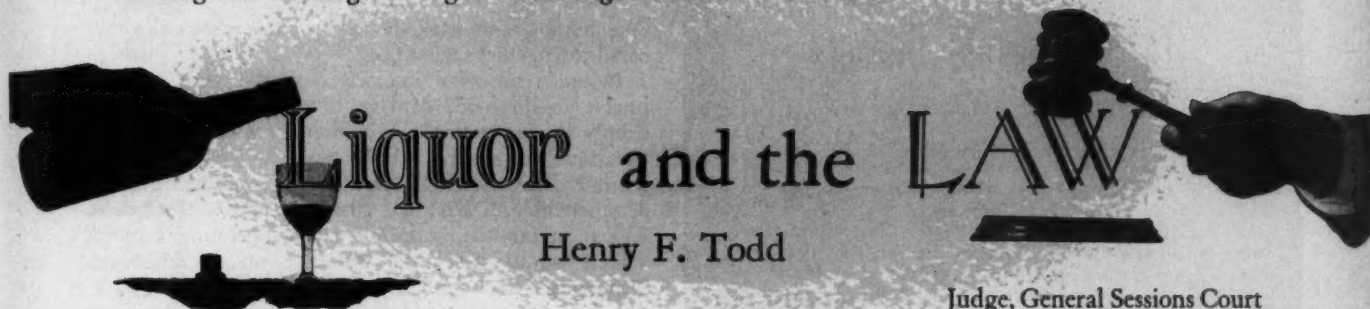
"The other kids in school would often laugh at me because I refused to take a cigarette or a drink with them; but I thought it amusing that they tried to get me to do it, so I laughed right back at them.

"I've always taken pride in turning down alcoholic beverages and tobacco, rather than ever feeling it was something to be ashamed of.

"Any kid should take pride in the fact that he doesn't drink or smoke. Other people who do may tease him, but deep down inside they wish themselves that they didn't.

"Good athletes who don't indulge in these are that much better. One should never measure his greatness by others, but by what he himself can do. By observing training rules, and not smoking or drinking, any athlete can do even better."

What can the government do to protect its citizens from the dangers and damages arising out of beverage alcohol?



Henry F. Todd

Judge, General Sessions Court
Davidson County, Nashville, Tennessee

In two parts:
Part I: Regulation and Control

IN A strict and accurate sense, the term *alcoholism* includes all abnormal functioning of the human body and all abnormal behavior, resulting from the use of alcohol. Since law in its essence represents the effort of civilized communities to regulate the conduct of people and to minister to their needs for the benefit of the whole community, it will be readily seen that unnatural behavior would logically become the subject of legal restraint or punishment; and unnatural bodily functions, as illnesses, would logically call for remedial legal measures both for the benefit of the affected individual and for the community.

Alcoholism, of course, is inseparable from beverage alcohol; therefore, legal problems dealing with alcoholism are those relating to beverage alcohol.

Our courts have uniformly held that though not inherently unlawful, *the liquor traffic is a privilege, not a right*; and because of this, it is subject to governmental control, prohibition, or regulation. Since the liquor traffic is admittedly dangerous to public health, safety, and morals, its regulation and/or prohibition is entirely and essentially within the police power of the state. This power is an incident of society's right of self-protection.

In this connection, it might be observed that States' rights figure prominently in the regulation and prohibition of the liquor traffic, especially since the Eighteenth Amendment of our Federal Constitution has been repealed. There remains, however, within the Federal Government's jurisdiction the power of taxation, the power to regulate commerce, and the power to protect the District of Columbia, Indian reservations, and other Government reservations from the liquor traffic.

Prohibition of the sale of intoxicants is within the war powers of the Federal Government; that is, even though the Federal Government does not now have the power under the Federal Constitution to prohibit the sale of intoxicants in peacetime, nevertheless, for the purpose of preserving the manpower of the nation and its efficiency and of promoting the efficiency of the Armed Forces and the production of ammunitions, the Federal Government has power during wartime by act of Congress to prohibit the sale of liquor.

Referring now to the general powers of government, that is, of state government, in regulating conduct of people, our courts have held that the government has the

power to subject those who might indulge in the use of intoxicating liquor without injury to themselves to a deprivation of access to liquor in order to remove temptation from those whom its use would demoralize, and to avoid the abuses which follow in its train.

The prohibition of liquor advertising, wherever exercised by a state legislature, has been uniformly upheld as a constitutional exercise of police power. The regulation of prices of liquor by a state has been upheld as a reasonable exercise of police power.

Is Public Drunkenness Illegal?

Drunkenness in and of itself is not a proper subject of legislation, legislative prohibition or control, except where the circumstances attending it make it annoying or dangerous to others, as when it amounts to a public breach of the peace. Legislation prohibiting drunkenness in public places may not infringe upon the private conduct of a person not adversely affecting or offending others. At common law, that is, during the formative period of our Anglo-Saxon concept of law, it was a public offense to be publicly and openly drunk, on the ground that the appearance of a drunken person in public adversely affected the morals of the community, offended the sensibilities of the citizenry, and tended to display an undesirable example to the young people.

All our states, either by statutory enactment or by recognition of this common-law principle, and in varying degrees, undertake to suppress public drunkenness.

The distinction that is made between public and private drunkenness has been a serious handicap to those who would use the processes of the courts to deal with an acute alcoholic situation. For example, a member of your own family might establish himself in a hotel room, or even at home, and by sending out for liquor, keep himself drunk for weeks, and even months, without violating the law, leaving you helpless to deal with him.

Lunacy or criminal warrants have been employed to get a violent drunkard out of the house, or to force such a one to submit to confinement and treatment. Most of our state laws now provide for processes to



Judge Henry F. Todd

To a Moderate Drinker

Clarence Edwin Flynn

You congratulate yourself on being a "moderate" drinker. You readily admit the blameworthiness and even the shame of persons who get drunk, engage in fights, lie in the gutter, or are sent to jail. Upon all this you look with superior disdain. You avoid the section of town where derelicts gather, for you, of course, never let yourself get into such a disgraceful state as displayed by these fellows. You expand with self-approval, and boast that you do not belong to that element of society. Those men are weaklings; you are strong.

Really, now, are you sure of the whole truth of your pronouncement? Have you examined closely your personal relationship to all these conditions? Truthfully, the only difference between you and the sot in the gutter is one of degree, and degrees like that are not fixed; instead, they sometimes narrow greatly and quickly. Come with me to skid row, or to the drunk tank in the city jail, or to the bedside of a delirium tremens patient, and take a serious look.

Many of these persons were led into this condition by their associates through the example and habits of friends. Some have fallen into this sad state because of a severe loss, or bereavement, and have sought to blanket their sorrow and loneliness. Some have developed the taste for alcohol through prescriptions written by their doctor. Others have been trapped and pulled down to the depths through the influence of misleading advertising and propaganda.

These men became derelicts under pressure which you helped to create and through the various channels you helped in making available. These persons are ashamed of their condition; they would like to be free from their bondage, and lead a free, happy, and prosperous life in family and community. They are, in that respect, honest; they do not resort to making excuses for their down-and-out condition.

But one drink led to two, and soon there was no more the moderate drinker. He was moving fast down the road to bondage.

Methinks I hear you say, "That could never happen to me!" That is what they all said when they were self-confident, with a bright prospect ahead. When you, my friend, call these enslaved victims of drink "weaklings," you are incriminating yourself. The weakling needs protection from his weakness; the strong should protect him.

You and your fellow moderate drinkers must not make available any means to another's downfall, if you are justified in considering yourselves superior to him. The drunkard is a weakling; he knows it. If you are so strong as to live above temptation, why do you not stop putting temptation in the way of the weakling? I'll tell you why: It's because you are not strong at all. You are a weakling, too, possibly more of a weakling than the man you so readily condemn. You are without excuse.

If you were strong you would not think that you have to follow the crowd in foolish custom; you would not be victimized by the shallow propaganda that drinking is necessary to hospitality or as a gesture of friendship. You would not be an admirer of the flabby-mindedness that a few drinks cause. You would realize that under the influence of alcohol the mind does not sparkle. It only sways, creaks, and places its worst side on display.

If "moderate" drinkers were really strong, they would come to the defense of their "weaker" fellows, restore and safeguard the enormous ranks of lost manhood and womanhood, and ensure the rightful heritage of the children of today and tomorrow.

take forcibly into custody any person whose alcoholic condition justifies such action.

In olden times an intoxicated person was generally unable to do more damage to the public good than simply by his example, but in modern days the complications of modern civilization have extended the possible consequences of drunkenness, so that a number of other offenses arise and appear on our statute books. The most familiar is the offense of operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of an intoxicant. Numerous efforts and devices have been employed to discourage this practice, which by its very nature is not only inherently dangerous to the person himself, but is dangerous to the life and safety of other motorists on the highway. Most prominent in the devices seems to be the cancellation or revocation of drivers' licenses for an extended period of time. Some cities or states content themselves with fixing a substantial fine for the offense; others insist upon confinement in a penal institution.

Drinking and Flying

The offense of drunken flying is beginning to creep into our court dockets, though, fortunately, it is not as common as drunken driving. It might seem impossible for a person in an intoxicated condition to obtain the possession and control of an aircraft at an ordinary licensed airport and to evade the surveillance of supervisory officials in order to take off into the air. Such does not happen very often, but it has occurred on more than one occasion. Some aviators are so completely devoid of concern about their own welfare and that of others as to be willing to carry liquor aboard a plane and to use it freely while in the air.

We have all read reports in the press of testimony before various Congressional committees about the use of intoxicants on commercial air liners. Apparently some air lines are not interested in furnishing intoxicants to their passengers, but there are air lines in this country whose hostesses regularly ask each passenger whether he would like an intoxicating drink during the flight. I have discussed this matter with more than one air line stewardess and have been told of the dangers and inconvenience incident to drinking by passengers on commercial planes.

Millions of boating enthusiasts are now faced with the prospect of watching out for the drunken boatman. Many of our friends in boats feel that they must reach a certain stage of intoxication before fully enjoying the thrills of boating.

Speeds of pleasure craft are increasing yearly, and our rivers and lakes are becoming more and more crowded with boats. One reckless move or error of judgment can spell disaster for occupants of a boat in control of one who has been drinking, or another boat in collision with such a boat. Certainly, sanity will soon require licensing of river and lake pilots and rigid enforcement of safety rules, including no drinking while piloting a boat.

An interesting constitutional question is presented by statutes which undertake to prohibit the possession of liquor. The courts of our nation are not in harmony on this question, some holding that the possession of liquor on private premises for purposes (Turn to page 27.)

Don Murray . . .

Man "Outside Himself"

Duane Valentry

THEY stared at him suspiciously, this tall, clean-cut young man who looked as if he might be one of them and then again might not. But if not, why was he in these places, the hangouts of addicts around New York?

Had they really known this was a fellow who, far from being one of them, was doing research from the pages of life on the grim subject of dope slavery, they would have shunned him completely. As it was, Don Murray was good enough to do a convincing job, and for the most part allay suspicions while he made his sordid rounds and took mental notes.

These notes were stowed away for his portrayal of a drug addict in a coming motion picture. The research was to give Don firsthand insights into one of today's major social problems, enabling him to bring to his part a compelling sincerity.

As to any pleasure in dope taking, Don learned this to be a complete fallacy.

"Once they're 'hooked,'" he says, "there is no exhilaration in what they call a 'fix.' It merely makes them feel reasonably good again. There is a brief period of an hour, more or less, depending on the degree of addiction, and then they begin to feel progressively worse. You might say that the pain is alleviated for a while. Then the monkey begins to climb upon their backs."

This is a "pleasure" for which men and women suffer untold agony of spirit and body, he found.

Suffering human beings are nothing new to Don Murray, whose long work with displaced persons in Europe's refugee camps has earned him international respect and a fame greater than his star status. Yet the suffering he saw from war pales in comparison with what he saw from drug addiction.

Visits to Riverside Hospital, North Brothers Island, where juveniles receive treatment for addiction, and the "dope" sections at Tombs Prison and Rikers Island Penitentiary added to his knowledge on the subject.

Addicts, he observed with compassion, are not necessarily stupid, nor are they

(Turn to page 26.)



Don Murray and his wife, Hope Lange.

1. Don, Hope, and their son Christopher, born overseas, are happy.

2. Teaching youngsters abroad the true meaning of democracy is a long and arduous task.

3. Talking seriously, Don learns firsthand the plight of refugees in a displaced persons' camp.

4. Don says good-by to the children he aided in his resettlement project for displaced persons.



Not a Phon

Typical of underground dealings in dope in many American cities, this adventure shows the menace of narcotics to modern youth to be anything but a myth.

Margaret C. Solomon

H. E. Springett, State of California narcotics agent, sat in his car, sweating. It was hot. Chula Vista at three in the afternoon in June was bound to be hot, but some of the sweat was from nerves. He had waited for what seemed to him too long. He mentally checked the location: west side of Broadway about one hundred feet north of G Street. He was at the right place. And the telephone voice had said two thirty.

Even though he knew that 75 per cent of the time these telephone tips turned out to be phonies, he realized that he had been excited about this one. A morning at the office brought many calls from informers, but this time—

"Are you the narcotics agent?" the voice with a Mexican accent had asked.

"Yes; who is it?"

"Are you interested in someone who has six ounces of heroin?"

That would be a large take, and Springett felt that same thrill of expectancy that he still got every time, even after three and a half years of service.

"Where is it?"

Then the voice, confidential, mysterious, a little scared, a little bit scornful maybe, advised him to be at this corner at this time. And all the while Springett was trying to identify the voice. It was familiar—if he could only remember!

"How will I know you?" Springett asked.

"Not me!" There was a short laugh. "Just be there. Your name is Nick. Someone may contact you." And a click severed the connection.

Springett mopped his brow with an already damp handkerchief. Another fifteen minutes, and he might as well go back. He looked down at his wrinkled pants and the spots of sweat coming through his white shirt. Maybe he should have dressed like a "hype." No, a person had to have money for six ounces of heroin.

As he felt a light touch on his shoulder, he jerked his head up.

"Are you Nick?" Two male Mexicans were standing at the car door.

"Yes," Springett said, and took note of their neat sport shirts and shaven faces. "Get in."

Glancing at each other, the men strode to the other side and climbed in the front seat. Without words Springett drove the short block to Sparky's Café. The three walked into the bar, and one of the Mexicans led the way through the bar to a booth.

Tony did the talking, introducing the other man as Manuel, but explaining that Manuel did not speak English. Without further preliminaries, Tony said Manuel



Top: The four suspects walk to trial. The heroin they attempted to sell to a California state agent would have brought a sum of money between \$22,500 and \$25,000 if sold illegally in capsule, or bindle, form.

Bottom: Four Mexicans seated, two of whom carried badges and credentials of Mexico's federal secret service, were jailed on charges of selling heroin. O. J. Hawkins, standing, state Bureau of Narcotics enforcement officer, and District Attorney Keller of San Diego, extreme right, are conducting the questioning immediately following the arrest.

had six ounces of heroin, was short of money, and was anxious to make a deal.

Springett controlled a smile over a small victory. He remembered other times when he had been in trouble in court because he had had to do some conversational maneuvering to get a peddler to take the lead in suggesting a sale.

He asked, "How much an ounce?" There was Spanish conversation between the two, and Tony apologized that Manuel was used to dealing in grams. Springett felt that it was unnecessary to tell them, but he commented that there were twenty-five grams to the ounce, and after calculations Tony announced that it would cost \$450 an ounce.

Springett smiled and shook his head.

"Huh-uh. Too much money. Good heroin can be bought for \$325 to \$350 an ounce."

There was more conversation in Spanish, while Springett quickly calculated that six ounces sold by peddlers in small bindles could bring as much as \$25,000. He settled himself for the usual bargaining, and after several minutes of headshaking and helpless hand gestures on both sides, accepted the price of \$400 per ounce, plus an extra fee for the stuff's being brought up from Mexico.

"I'll get the money and come back. Have you got the stuff?"

No, they didn't have it with them, but would meet him later to make the deal.

As he left the café and drove away, Springett noticed a gray car pull away from the curb farther down the block. Turning north to go to San Diego, he saw the car still behind him. He took careful note of the description that would go in his notes: 1954 Mercury Sunliner coupé, gray, no license plate in front of the car.

As San Diego traffic got thick, Springett felt a surge of excitement.

"This may be foolish, but I'm going to lose you, old boy," he silently addressed the gray shadow behind him. "I must get to the office."

He cut sharply around the next corner, gunned the motor, and hoped for green lights. An alley behind a parking lot gave him his break. He pulled through the buildings and out on the next street before the gray car came into the vision of his rear-view mirror. Then he headed straight for his office—risky, but necessary. He didn't have much time.

Inspector Robertson was waiting to hear the story.

Springett clued him in fast while he was getting through to the Customs Agency office by telephone. The customs agent was free and would get another man to go with him.

While driving toward Chula Vista again, Springett bit his lip as all kinds of misgivings occurred to him. He drove fast. There wasn't much time to get set for six o'clock. Suppose he hadn't shaken that gray car? What if Manuel decided he didn't want to sell two of the six ounces which were burning his pocket? He wished he hadn't made that limited offer. But there wasn't time to get together enough money to buy it all, not today. Tomorrow might be too late.

A twinge of conscience bothered him as he realized he hadn't called his wife. She was used to this—maybe—but he could still see her face the way it had looked when he pulled in at 4:00 a.m. this morning, sort of pinched and white. Last night had been a phony, too. He might be burnt even worse tonight.

Springett parked the car at the motel and walked to Sparky's Café. It was six o'clock. Waiting until 6:55, he wearily walked back to the motel. Just to make sure, he drove the car to the café and (Turn to page 34.)

Edward R. Bloomquist, M.D.

One Step to Chaos?

RECENTLY a British medical expert, who preferred to remain anonymous, advised his readers of a method of drinking which could result in a good time at parties without leaving a hang-over or causing social embarrassment.

He makes a series of interesting statements trying to assure the moderate drinker that social drinking is perfectly permissible, yet he finds it necessary to modify his statements with cautions that the line between social drinking and drinking to excess is a narrow one.

Under the most favorable circumstances, the body metabolizes in one hour the amount of alcohol in a shot of whisky, a wine glass of wine, or a half pint of beer. If the average individual, realizing there are a few who possess the "talent" of being able to drink heavily and still reflexly perform routine duties, exceeds this amount, he probably will become intoxicated.

To avoid this unpleasant situation, this medical expert advises self-discipline, which should begin at the first sign of alcoholic uplift. When one recognizes he is beginning to obtain that "old feeling," he is advised to limit drinking so his body metabolism can exceed, or at least keep up with, the intake of alcohol. If he does this, the doctor feels, the drinker can remain socially acceptable.

Two questions arise when one reads an article of this sort. First, since most people, with the exception of those unfortunates who indulge because they feel it is a social responsibility, drink to obtain the effect of tuning out reality, how many social drinkers could be expected to follow a limited program of this type?

Second, why drink at all?

For various reasons—one being the fact that distillers and brewers as a group are the third largest advertisers in this country—moderate drinking is considered by many as *the* sign of hospitality. Conversely, those who do not drink are felt by some to be socially inept.

Not everyone feels this way.

In 1955 Uruguay's President Luis Batlle Berres came to the United States on a good-will visit. Wined and dined at state functions, he fell heir to an acute gastrointestinal disturbance which placed him in the hospital. At bed rest and on a milk-and-cream diet, he wryly paused to reflect, "Everywhere I went people gave me Scotch and water. I had to go to the hospital to find out how good this country's milk is."

A few years ago Arabia's King Ibn Saud had a painfully personal reason to evaluate social drinking which was introduced into his country (Turn to page 32.)

Marian Belding...



Interview by
Cecil Coffey

and

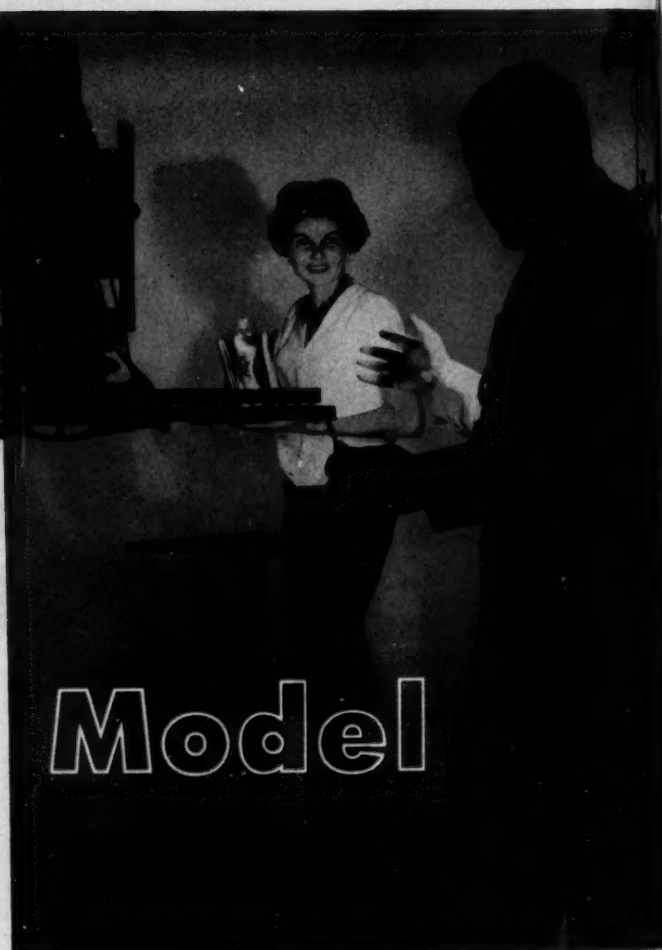
AMONG the rare dual duties assumed by American women are those of mother and model. Very few succeed at such a combination. One of the few exceptions, however, is Marian Belding, who not only excels at her exacting and exhausting profession, but is the wife of a brilliant young physician, and the proud mother of three children. What's more, her husband says, "She is the perfect mother."

Marian has been modeling since she was fourteen. She began her career at the Harris Company, most fashionable department store in San Bernardino, California. It was there, too, that Warren Belding, aviation electronics specialist in the Navy, first saw her several years later.

"I was across the street from the store killing time until a scheduled double date," Warren recalls. "Actually, it was a blind date arranged by a friend. I was wondering what the date would be like when I saw this beautiful girl come out of the Harris Company.

"Then I thought how wonderful it would be if my blind date would look like that, but dismissed the idea as wishful thinking," he remembers.

As the perfect boy-meets-girl story ideally develops, the blind date turned out to be Marian Kruger, the girl he had noticed leaving the store.



Warren and Marian continued to see each other when he could get a pass. Eventually they were married and have since been blessed with three children: Stephen (Stevie), six; Wayne, three; and Marla Jean, two.

The many years of study and training, plus the rearing of a sizable family, have not been easy, Warren and Marian both agree. The costs of medical study and setting up a practice have been astronomical, compared to those necessary to become proficient in most other professions. And Warren's heavy, uncertain schedule has thrown much of the responsibility for the family onto Marian.

During the years when her children were born, Marian

of course could hardly combine her two careers. And it was quite a test of the Beldings' economic ingenuity to live on the meager earnings of Warren. They managed, however, with sparse furnishing, limited wardrobes, and a 1951 Nash automobile.

"I guess the thing that has really seen us through is Marian's tremendous capacity for adjusting to conditions," Warren says. "She can make a feast out of potatoes and beans. She sews well, too. And she helps the children to see adventure in the commonplace. We enjoy our best family recreation in the park or on the beach."

After the birth of Marla Jean, Marian began modeling again—mainly as an economic necessity. Also, it is the kind of work which permits the most time with her family. She can arrange her appointments around the family program.

In addition to high-fashion modeling, Marian has achieved notable success as a photographer's model and on TV. Her pleasant, low-pitched voice, with excellent diction, enhances her TV appearances.

In recent months her picture has appeared in such national magazines as *Better Homes and Gardens*, *The National Geographic*, and *Living for Young Homemakers*.

Admittedly, it takes more than ordinary ability and understanding to succeed either as a mother or as a model. How, then, does Marian Belding do both? Her immediate answer is profound, yet simple:

"My family always comes first."

She couples this with five brief rules for retaining good health, youthful appearance, and a bright outlook.

1. Cultivate a happy frame of mind. Take joy in the beautiful things of life—family, church, nature.
2. Exercise by walking, gardening, and calisthenics, even if you don't particularly feel the need.
3. In diet, use more vegetables and less of breads, sweets, and rich foods.
4. Eliminate all forms of alcoholic beverages.
5. Get plenty of rest; retire early. Relax completely at brief periods during the day.

"I have noticed that many models end their careers at a comparatively young age. One reason for this is that they don't care for their health as they should," Marian comments. "Of course, a model's appearance is her livelihood. Anything that detracts simply reduces her chances for success. From my observation I know that drinking ages one before his time," she asserts. "For a model this is particularly tragic, for it really shows. Many of the girls don't realize it until too late."

More important, Marian says for herself, "A mother must be a good example before her children."

This past summer the Beldings moved into their first real home, a lovely house overlooking one of Orlando, Florida's, beautiful lakes. Here Marian is able to exercise her favorite hobby, gardening.

"Every woman has a great potential for improving herself," Marian says. "There are many simple, natural ways for bettering appearance, poise, outlook. I would like to help others find the right balance in these."

Indeed, out of her combination of careers—of mother and model—Marian has something to share with other women, something which will help them enjoy full, rewarding life.



My family
always comes first . . .



A model's appearance
is her livelihood . . .



They don't care
for their health . . .



A happy frame of mind . . .



It really shows . . .



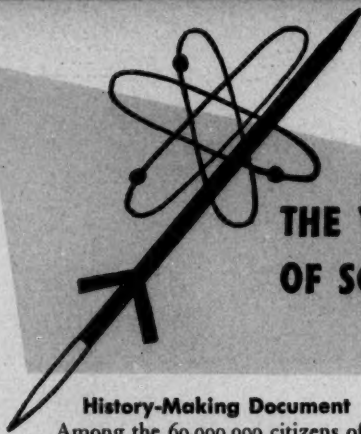
Many models
end their careers . . .



Find the right balance . . .



Great potential
for improving herself



THE VOICE OF SCIENCE

History-Making Document

Among the 60,000,000 citizens of the United States who imbibe is a sixty-three-year-old New Jersey nurse who told a magistrate that she could drink a pint of wine, remain perfectly sober, and be completely capable of driving a car.

Wrong as she may be, she has nonetheless pointed up the whole problem of the drinking driver as a major menace in today's shocking traffic toll.

Biggest news of recent moment for the pint-of-wine lady, and other imbibers, as well as for police and traffic officials, is the recommendation on blood alcohol concentration that was drawn up at the Indiana University Symposium on Alcohol and Road Traffic.

This recommendation is a drastic departure from present standards of controlling the use of alcoholic beverages in automobile driving. Maybe it's time, with 60,000,000 or more in our population who are imbibers.

Drinking drivers were involved in at least 30 per cent of all fatal traffic accidents during 1957, according to the National Safety Council. So in the total accident picture, alcohol is responsible for appalling thousands of motor-car deaths, not to mention tens of thousands of injuries, many of which are economically more serious than death itself. Many authorities consider alcohol to be the largest single factor in the traffic-accident problem.

Blood alcohol tests and their admission into our courts as evidence represented the beginning of a new era in the control of the drinking driver.

But even today, only a little more than half of our states (29), plus the District of Columbia, have chemical-test laws which conform substantially with the Uniform Vehicle Code. Furthermore, tolerances permitted under the code are now recognized as too lenient, as witness this action taken at the Indiana University Symposium.

No matter how these tests are made, the complete blood alcohol standards to determine a drunk driver generally recommended for use by the courts are:

1. Less than .05 per cent is *prima-facie* evidence of not being under the influence.

2. A percentage of .15 is *prima-facie* evidence of being under the influence in so far as operation of a motor vehicle is concerned.

3. Between .05 and .15 per cent is corroborative evidence of outward physical symptoms, though no presumption is afforded either way.

Hence the .15 per cent line of demarcation has often been advanced as the dividing line between the "drunk" and the "sober."

Now these seven recognized authorities who signed the recommendation growing out of the Indiana University Symposium have gone on record for tightening up the standards.

This documents what many authorities long have maintained—no one is safe when meeting a driver on the highway with .05 per cent or higher concentration in his blood. Stated another way, .05 per cent alcohol in the blood should be considered as the base level at which a person is "under the influence" for the purpose of driving an automobile.

Roughly, .05 per cent represents the accumulation of alcohol corresponding to two ounces of whisky for a 150-pound person. And at .15 per cent for a 150-pound person the absorbed alcohol is equivalent to that in six ounces of 100-proof whisky. At this level, the person could get by with more than six ounces of whisky, or its equivalent, because some of the alcohol would be

burned and excreted during the absorption process.

Many police members have told doctors that they now make no effort to get an alcohol conviction with a blood alcohol level under .15 per cent, but switch to reckless driving or some other charge, so deeply ingrained is the tolerance of .15 per cent in the thinking of the courts. This would explain the low figures for "under the influence" and the high figures for reckless driving and similar "catchall" charges in many of the official records.

It is evident that the drinking driver and the menace of him are going to get worse until, as one authority says, "Driving under the influence of alcohol becomes a social disgrace, a moral wrong, and a criminal offense." This declaration from the Indiana University Symposium is a step in the right direction.—Adapted from *Journal of American Insurance*, April, 1959.

Graphodiagnosis

That handwriting is as individual as fingerprints is generally accepted, but that it can be used in diagnosis is a new twist only recently put under scrutiny in the United States. Graphodiagnosis has been used by European clinicians for fifty years, and taught in universities abroad, but it has been slow to gain attention in this country.

Graphodiagnosis is based on the hypothesis that not only characterological and cognitive factors of an individual but also physical and emotional disturbances are recorded in handwriting, possibly long in advance of clinical symptoms.

Johns Hopkins and other hospitals today use handwriting analysis among other diagnostic tests to detect emotional stresses contributing to such conditions as alcoholism.

A long-range research project specifically concerned with alcoholism is in process at the Handwriting Institute in New York City. Here the psychomotor mechanism of writing is measured by a graphodyne in alcoholics and in normal subjects; the latter are measured by "wet" and "dry" tests (with or without alcohol), whereas former alcoholics are measured only by the "dry" method. An interesting early finding is that the motor performance of alcoholics when "wet" comes closer to that of normal subjects than when they are "dry," confirming the subjective reports of alcoholics themselves.

Also being conducted by the Institute is basic research into the graphologic method itself. The aim is to check the graphologic hypothesis that certain handwriting traits are associated with specific aspects of personality and in-

SYMPOSIUM ON ALCOHOL AND ROAD TRAFFIC INDIANA UNIVERSITY December 12, 13, 14, 1958

RECOMMENDATIONS

As a result of the material presented at this Symposium, it is the opinion of this Committee that a blood alcohol concentration of 0.05% will definitely impair the driving ability of some individuals and, as the blood alcohol concentration increases, a progressively higher proportion of such individuals are so affected, until at a blood alcohol concentration of 0.15%, all individuals are definitely impaired.

Signeds

R. M. Harger

(Chairman)

Henry Newman

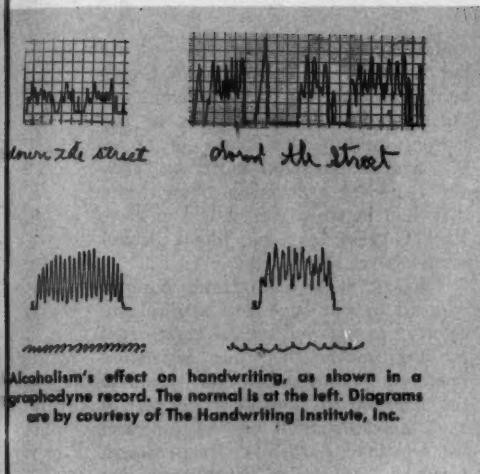
Herma Hais

T. A. Locati

Leonard Goldberg

D. W. Fanner

H. W. Smith



telligence. The method used is an intensive comparison of handwriting analyses with Rorschach and other tests.
—Adapted from MD.

.15 Per Cent Blood Alcohol Level Figure as a Test for Sober Driving

Horace E. Campbell, M.D.

It is well known that almost every court in the land will decree: "A motor vehicle operator whose blood alcohol reading is below .165 per cent is not thereby incompetent to operate that motor vehicle."

To achieve this reading, the average 150-pound person must consume a half pint of 100-proof whisky in something like an hour.

This figure, .15 per cent $\pm 3 \times .005$ per cent (the recognized laboratory error), was formulated in 1938 by a combined committee of the National Safety Council and the American Medical Association. It must be recalled that this was only four years after 1934 (the year of repeal), at which time the mental and emotional outlook of most citizens of the United States, both within and without the medical profession, was far from objective.

On page 1362 of the November 8, 1958, issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, three apologists for the .15 per cent figure write as follows:

"The adoption of a defensible and fair ceiling value was made only after much discussion and some controversy. Because a noticeable impairment could be seen in the great majority of persons at a blood alcohol level of .11 per cent, it was first suggested as a ceiling value. However, there are a few tolerant persons (mostly habitual users of alcoholic beverages) in whom no noticeable degree of impairment can be seen at a blood alcohol concentration of .11 per cent. But even these show observable impairment by the time a blood alcohol concentration of .13 per cent has been reached. *Realizing that not all persons had been tested and that somewhere some person might be found who was still more tolerant than any seen by American experimenters, and further*



Virtue's Defender

For more than thirty years the Reverend John W. Keogh, national director of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, has waged war on drinking. "Total abstinence is a mode of Christian perfection," he says, "the attainment of the sublime degree of the practice of the moral virtue of temperance." For such practice the C.T.A.U. of America was approved by the American hierarchy of the Catholic Church in 1844.

However, the Union, with headquarters in Philadelphia, was not organized fully until 1872. Its motto is "Moral Susasion." It also labors for the betterment of the victims of intemperance, through religious principles.

Not only is this church leader a tireless worker in organizing adult temperance groups, but he also works among youth in forming Crusader groups. Like the adults, the children take the pledge of abstinence, work to help the victims of drink, and will eventually join the adult group of the C.T.A.U. of America.

Reverend Keogh is unrelenting in his advocacy of abstinence. He points out that his church has recently called for "an enlightened study and self-sacrificing zeal of every apostle, lay and cleric," to combat the inroads of alcoholism, "the spiritual tragedy for thousands of souls."



1. Reverend John W. Keogh directs the nationwide activities of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.
2. Saturday night song sessions attract the teen-agers to lively and active social functions.
3. Young people, members of the Crusader group, join in sending out descriptive material from the Philadelphia headquarters of C.T.A.U. of America.
4. Part of the Union's work is to help dispel the loneliness of prison life and bring light into darkened lives.
5. Youth and adults alike listen to a forthright but informal talk on the advantages of abstinence.
6. Editing "The Catholic Advocate," official organ of the C.T.A.U., Father Keogh makes notes for future use.

recognizing the fact that even skilled analysts might differ in the measurement of blood alcohol values by a margin of $\pm .01$ per cent, it was decided to place the ceiling value at .15 per cent in order to make allowance for these unknown factors. [Italics mine.]

"Thus the .15 per cent ceiling value is recognized as one which is inordinately high and extremely conservative—a deviation which was considered to be fair in the light of our tradition of justice, wherein it is believed to be better for a guilty man to go free rather than have an innocent one convicted."

This concern for the "innocent" habitual drinker results in about 15,000 highway deaths each year (see *J.A.M.A.* 169:1206 [March 14], 1959). Thousands of drivers, not habitual drinkers but well under the influence of alcohol at levels far below .15 per cent, are responsible for this appalling number of deaths each year in this "land of the free."

Official figures assembled by the National Safety Council and widely publicized by the organized manufacturers and distributors of alcoholic beverages, run as follows:

Fatal Accidents in 21 Reporting States

Violations per 100 drivers	72
Under influence of alcohol	7
Excessive speed	30
Did not have right of way, etc.	20
Disregarded officer or signal	7
Other violations	8

The fallacy in these figures is quickly apprehended when it is known that the criterion for "under the influence" in this compilation is this same .15 per cent!

Another fallacy is created by utilizing all the drivers involved. Many fatal crashes involve two cars or more, and in the vast majority of these, but one driver is actually responsible. A more realistic picture is achieved by learning what percentage of fatal accidents involves a drinking driver.

Reliable figures assembled over the last twenty years by Gerber of Cleveland, and confirmed by numerous detailed studies in other parts of the nation, indicate that from 50 to 70 per cent of our fatal motorcar "accidents" involve a drinking driver. More than half of the drivers killed in New York City in 1957 had blood alcohol levels above .10 per cent.

Thus it is seen that the position adopted by our legal and medical authorities in 1938 has been so interpreted by the courts that our legislation operates: (1) to defend the rights of the habitual drinker to drive with a high blood alcohol level; (2) to protect the less talented drinker even though involved in fatal or critical motorcar crashes; and (3) to result in the death of about 15,000 persons, and permanently disabling injuries to at least 50,000 other persons each year.

Is this a civilized scale of values?

The solution of our motorcar death and injury problem awaits the de-

(Turn to page 31.)

To the Women

Marie B.
Ryan



For years now the liquor sellers have been trying to persuade us that "Beer Belongs" in the home, but now they are sending women into various communities to demonstrate to invited groups of homemakers the "last word" in the etiquette of serving drinks to guests, and the use of such beverages in the culinary arts.

Women demonstrate this or that cooking range, and this or that canning procedure, along with better pancakes than one ever ate before or will eat again until the demonstrator comes next year. Doubtless the liquor dealers have

taken their cue from these other demonstrators, just as they took from the soft-drink dispensers their cue in putting up beer in cans and cartons.

This procedure perhaps is legitimate, and maybe the public, the drinking part at least, will welcome this finesse. We may be sure there will be explanation of what to do with guests who drink to excess. Or don't guests served "properly" by a hostess drink to excess? We never see the finished product in liquor advertisements, or hear boisterous talk at the cocktail parties included on television. This is one reason why they are so unreal.

This utilization of women demonstrators is the logical climax to making strong drinking the socially accepted thing. From their viewpoint, whisky dealers are wise in utilizing this feminine appeal, for woman is associated with the home. The conclusion is certainly justifiable that if whisky and wine have reached the stage of requiring a special finesse, then they must be the thing to serve in the home. It is tragic, however, that women become a party to such deception. The "social glass" and "drink moderately" have won many converts who will now tell you that one is necessary and the other is harmless.

It requires about a million new users of strong drink each year to replace those who die or for some reason are induced to stop drinking. Where do these replacements come from? From young people largely, but also from church members who have been sold on the idea that drinking no longer has any moral implications. Among these are many women. The home approach has been successfully used by both brewers and distillers. The elite, want-

ing to know all the finesse of serving drinks, will doubtless account for a considerable part of the million replacements.

I suppose it is an easy step from using the feminine appeal on radio and television to that of making demonstrations. Women sing in commercials; they sit at tables and drink and talk about the merits of this or that beer or wine. Furthermore, "having a drink" as soon as a caller is seated is common in movies and television.

The marvel is that proper home training can do as well as it does to counteract the influence of radio and television on the children, but the tragedy is that such nullification is necessary. The children certainly must get the idea that "everybody drinks." A group of young children were discussing at their grandfather's dinner table what they were going to drink when they grew up. The conclusion was that they had better drink beer, "for that won't hurt you!" Knowing their parents, I am quite sure they had never been told that. They acquired the information from what they had heard and seen through advertising.

The real hope to stop this trend toward more and more drinking—and naturally, toward more and more alcoholism, and its effects—is for more education about those effects. There must be more activity among youth, in religious groups, a greater appeal, especially to women, against the propaganda of the liquor interests.

The home itself MUST be reached. Parents MUST be convinced that under present conditions they are becoming the best market for strong drink, and that they are thereby encouraging the effects that naturally come from drink.

Irish Crusader

Note From History

Henry F. Unger

ALITTLE more than a century ago a worn-out Irish priest, with the physical structure of a Napoleon, boosted his seven millionth follower onto the "water wagon."

Like a sputnik, this Franciscan Capuchin, Father Theobald Mathew, zoomed into prominence in an Ireland whose national trademark was virtually the sign of John Barleycorn. Within fourteen years he had struck out so hard at drinking that he was invited to America.

Americans donned their Sunday best for the arrival of this "apostle of temperance" on July 2, 1849, but it was a surprised New York Mayor Woodhull who greeted the Irish priest at the gangplank amid the cheers of thousands of New Yorkers. An apparently broken man, showing the ravages of a stroke suffered the year previous, Father Mathew seemed hardly to resemble the crusader Americans had heard so much about.

But here began a new conquest of America. Hailed as "the benefactor of

humanity," praised by the famous as "the leader of the moral revolution who ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times," Father Mathew reached the pinnacle of acclaim in the United States when President Zachary Taylor invited him and fifty prominent persons in Washington to a banquet at the White House, where he personally introduced the priest to the distinguished personages. Out of deference to the priest's crusade, wine, though served at the meal, was not taken by the host and many of the guests. Instead, toasts of water were offered.

To Father Mathew also came an honor, up to that time given only to one other foreigner—Marquis de Lafayette—of winning a seat in the House of Representatives and a seat within the bar of the Senate. The priest hardly expected the renowned Senator Henry Clay, not a Catholic, to ask stirringly of the Senate to give "a merited tribute of respect to a man who has achieved a great social revolution, a revolution in which no blood has been shed, a revolution which has involved no destruc-

tion, which has caused no bitter tears of widows and orphans to flow, a revolution which has been achieved without violence, and a greater one, perhaps, than has been achieved by any benefactor of mankind."

At this moment of triumph Father Mathew must have returned in memory to the spring of 1838 when he took the step that would shake the world of intemperance to its foundation and catapult him into world prominence.

Then forty-seven years of age, Father Mathew had not been one to banish alcoholic drinks from his table.

In his extensive parish work he witnessed the brave attempts to organize temperance societies to combat drinking, but the dread cholera epidemic was occupying his time. Day and night he assisted the victims of this disease. He became the "helping angel" in Cork.

His Protestant friend, Quaker William Martin, had watched Father Mathew's work. Concerned about Ireland's drinking habits, Martin regularly prodded the priest to accept the role of leader of an abstinence movement.

The proddings finally paid off for Martin. After several long nights of prayer, Father Mathew, on April 10, 1838, suggested to Martin that he appear at the Parish school with his adherents.

That evening, before about sixty excited persons, Father Mathew accepted the leadership of the crusade. "After much reflection," he said, "I have come to the conviction that no person in health has any need of intoxicating drinks, and I advise you to follow my example."

Without deliberating he approached a table and inscribed his name, "The Rev. Theobald Mathew, C.C. No. 1," simultaneously uttering a quasi battle cry, "Here goes in the name of God!"

Following his inscription in a large book, Father Mathew spoke in a firm voice, "I promise, with the divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, intemperance in others."

Immediately the Irishmen approached the priest and accepted the pledge from him. One of the great social revolutions in history was under way. The Cork Total Abstinence Society was organized.

Word of Father Mathew's acceptance soon had crowds of Irishmen jamming the small classroom. The activities were moved to the Horse Bazaar, where 4,000 persons could be accommodated. In three months the priest had enrolled 25,000 persons in Cork. Two months later this number had increased

(Turn to page 32.)



These
Tears
Were
Different

The Snakes

Kermit Shelby

FEEDING time for the snakes came right after sundown. By the time the neon lights switched on, they were writhing every which way, and Mack knew he couldn't put it off any longer.

The neon sign flashed "Joe's Place." First in red lights, then in white, then blue. In fact, the tall "J" spilled its light over Peg's ironing board beside the apartment window as she worked.

Since she had bought the high stool, Peg could sit down as she ironed. She scarcely knew the neon light was there now.

"Your dollar's in the blue vase, Mack," Peg said.

"O.K. Thanks, Peg." Mack licked dry lips, pretending the snakes were not there, but his belly knew—that thirsty ache.

Stacks of ironed clothes lay on the bed: Mrs. Schmaltz's petticoats, the Lufkin kid's rompers, Miss McCoy's blouse. More folks kept giving Peg their laundry because she did it cheaper than the laundromat.

Mack studied Peg's face. She wasn't pretty any more, not at all as she had been ten years ago when they had married—standing on her feet all day in Gimbel's basement, plus the ironing, plus Mack.

Peg glanced bleakly at the rooftops as she worked. "Like spring out tonight." Whisk, whisk, went the iron. Sway, sway, went Peg's thin shoulders.

"Like spring," Mack said.

It was as though they were both afraid to speak what they really thought, but there was something in Peg's glance that tore at Mack—a trapped wistfulness, as if

that iron were a ball and chain. Only it wasn't the iron. The real ball and chain was the snakes. The reason Peg had to keep ironing was so the dollar would be there tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, so Mack wouldn't blow his top and chew his tongue, like it was when they sent him to the psycho ward. That time they thought they had cured him of drink sure enough.

"If I get my ironing finished in time, I may walk down to the corner with Mrs. Schmaltz when she buys her paper," Peg said, sort of kidding herself that that would be a big adventure.

"Why don't you do that?" Mack said.

Time to go, Mack, the snakes hissed. Can't hold us back any longer. It's 'way past feeding time.

Mack took the dollar bill out of the blue vase, winding it tightly over his forefinger. How long since he had earned a buck? "Well," Mack said, edging toward the door.

Something held him. The neon sign turned blue, and there was Peg like a ghost, and the iron gliding.

Mack sounded desperate. "I saw Duncan yesterday. Didn't telephone, just walked right in and up to his desk."

"Same old answer?" Peg seemed scared she might lose a stroke.

"Guy's going on vacation next week. Duncan said he'd try me out on the phones if I stay sober. It's credit references. I've done it before."

"You're a good credit man, Mack. Duncan always was for you." Neutral was the way Peg sounded, be-

cause false hope was dangerous. False hope could make you sick in bed, like that day she had to miss work at Gimbel's, and they almost fired her.

"Well," Mack's feet found the stairs. As he opened the front door the neon sign flashed white. White is for hope, thought Mack. His feet turned toward the sign.

So what other funny stories do you know tonight, Mack?

He kept seeing Peg's face as he walked, Peg's drooped shoulders, that iron gliding like a snake—don't think of snakes—Peg, saying, "Like spring out tonight." Right away Mack thought of the posy man.

Yesterday when he passed the posy man at Sixth and Baker Streets and saw all those daffodils, it made him think of how his and Peg's life had been eleven years ago. Peg's grandma had yellow flowers like those, growing in her yard. Peg wore one of the daffodils in her dark hair that Sunday they rented the canoe. Peg, young and pretty and laughing, trailing her hand in the water as Mack rowed.

Life was a bowl of cherries that Sunday. "Why don't we get married, Peg?"

Peg laughed back at him. "Can't think of any reason why we shouldn't." The things they didn't know, that day!

So on his way home yesterday after that talk with Duncan, Mack thought, "Wouldn't Peg be surprised if I skipped going into Joe's Place and bought her yellow posies instead?" The only reason he didn't was that it was away past feeding time for the snakes.

It was always past feeding time, like now.

Mack paused. The neon light winked like crazy. It was a magnet, drawing him, less than half a block away. The posy man was just across the street. The light changed. Mack made himself cross the street. The snakes almost had a fit, crying out in protest. *In a minute*, Mack promised them.

"Hi, Mack," the posy man greeted. "Want your paper?" The posy man also sold the *Morning News*. Reading the want ads was a sort of hobby of Mack's. "Wanted, bright young man—"

"Later." Mack felt the dollar bill wrapped over his finger, noting the wrinkles in the currency. "It's a wonder Peg didn't iron it," he thought grimly. He had his back turned to Joe's Place. The colors flashed over the sidewalk, reminding him: red world, white world, blue world, a little bit of dark world, quiet and peaceful, but not for long.

It was as if Mack were trying to starve the snakes a little longer, just to hear them gripe. It was as if he were playing a game with them, pretending he didn't have to take them into Joe's Place unless he wanted to.

"How much are the yellow ones?" Mack asked, pointing to the daffodils.

"Fifty cents. Ain't they beauts?"

"Real beauts." The dollar bill curled tighter than ever about Mack's index finger.

"I just sold two big bunches to a young couple. Must be spring in the air."

"Just like spring tonight," Mack verified, thinking of Peg.

Look, Mack, an excited little voice argued within him, half a dollar for the posies, (Turn to page 26.)

Operation Recreation

"A boy won't throw rocks if you give him a ball to throw. Teen-agers of today are thought worse than those of yesterday simply because they have been given more terrible weapons. The opposite is also true. When a teen-ager of today does something, he does it much better than the teen-ager of yesterday."

This philosophy put into practice is paying off in Miami Springs, Florida. It is being tested in a practical way by two men, Arthur Peavy, director of recreation for the community, and Albert R. Schmidt, Lutheran pastor, who double by acting as juvenile officers, dealing with youth who have been taken into custody by police.

"In 1949 I used to get an average of twenty calls a week from the police about kids who got into trouble here in Miami Springs," Pastor Schmidt recalls. "Today I get only about twenty calls a year."

The change has been brought about largely by the efforts of these two young men, both fathers, who like young people enough to put in long hours of serious work on their behalf.

"It all began in the war years, when parents were getting excited about their daughters going out with boys in uniform, who were only the boys they had known all their lives," says Peavy. Various citizens organized recreation in their homes.

After the war was over, a recreation committee was appointed by the mayor to provide a continuing program in the community. The result of the efforts is a handsome building in Miami Springs, which now serves not only the youth but the entire family. Its program includes adult classes, handicrafts, ping-pong, swimming, trampoline, volleyball, and social functions. Every age level is considered.

How does this youth center serve to reduce juvenile delinquency? A concerted effort is made to reunite the family, to teach them to play together and to live together in a wholesome manner. This is in follow-up to the initial efforts made

by both Peavy and Schmidt with the young person who is in trouble, and with his parents.

For all communities, whether they build youth centers or not, these two leaders of "Operation Recreation" both advise the strengthening of the home. "If the family spent more time at home happily and together, there would be no juvenile problem."

Communities that sponsor a well-planned recreational program for their youth find juvenile problems melting away.



Youngsters enjoy making art objects for their homes.



It's fun to watch the instructor's trampoline demonstration.

half a dollar for a short one. Only, a short one wouldn't satisfy the snakes.

Mack knew he could walk to the end of the block, then cross over, and back to Joe's Place; or he could take the short cut when the light changed. All roads lead to Rome.

Mack took the short cut. "Be seeing you, Harry," he called to the posy man. He walked faster now. He was a man with a job to attend to.

The bartender saw Mack turning in from the curb and glanced at his wrist watch. "You're running late, Mack." He dropped sliced lemon in a glass, poured amber liquid over crushed ice. Mack's eyes fell on the glass and the snakes went crazy, drooling. In his eagerness Mack bumped into the passing couple.

The girl was young. She was holding daffodils in her arms. One of the daffodils bobbed from her hair as Mack said, turning, "Excuse me, lady."

They brushed past, unaware of his existence, unaware of everything in the world except each other. "You shouldn't have bought me so many, dear," the girl said, laughing.

tender. Now it was Joe's Place blue. Blue was the way the snakes turned, blue and outraged and hissing their heads off, except this time Mack hated the snakes.

"Gripe!" Mack commanded the snakes. "Gripe your heads off. I got news for you. You can starve."

Only the first step was difficult as he turned away. The second step came faster. On the third step Mack was running.

He ran wildly, bumping into people. No matter. He was panting when he reached the posy man. It was as if he had come a long way.

The posy man grinned. "Long time no see, Mack. Want your paper now?"

"Those yellow beauts," Mack pointed. "Biggest bunch you got." He laid down the crumpled dollar bill.

"Daffodils are really hot tonight."

Mack had half a dollar change. He stopped at the supermarket and bought oranges. "You're going to drink orange juice if it kills you," Mack told the snakes. "I hope it does."

Mack stuck his nose up in the air when he went past Joe's Place, and

"Mack?" she said wonderingly, not believing it yet. She came toward him, her eyes searching, sort of testing his breath. It wasn't daffodils he handed her. It was hope for that new job, promise for all the days to come.

Her plain face was lovely, Mack thought. Her fingers touched the yellow blossoms lovingly, their beauty making food for her eyes. Then tenderly she touched Mack's bearded cheek.

"Mack, Mack!" Womanlike, she began to cry.

But these tears were different. Mack didn't mind at all.

MAN "OUTSIDE HIMSELF"

(Continued from page 15)

unloving individuals. "Their need consumes their lives, and they haven't time or interest in anything else. The instincts may be all in the direction of decency and responsibility, but they are blotted out by this ever-present need."

The attempt to project himself into the skin and soul of a dope addict gave him a startling glimpse into a world he had never known, since Don, who does not smoke or drink and who has attended Sunday school from earliest boyhood, is the kind of man who, had things gone a little differently, might have been a missionary.

But since he was born of parents in the entertainment world, it seemed natural for him as a teen-ager to be given a screen test that landed him a coveted role early in life. After that Don Murray was a star on his own, but as Hollywood was quick to notice, a star of a different sort.

Often called an "actor with a mission," he has found that fame and money mean little in themselves, but that both help tremendously in his project of aiding refugees in establishing permanent homes and finding security.

Don firmly believes faith can do anything, and it was his faith that helped him in his unusual mission of doing for others. He believes that becoming a star in the Hollywood-Broadway tradition is merely a means to this end.

A summer spent at a camp in New Jersey as a boy, mingling and working with Chinese, Indians, Africans, and Europeans, gave him his first real understanding of the meaning of "brotherhood." As a result Don registered as a conscientious objector in the Korean War, fully aware of the stigma that usually went with this listing. As a C.O. he was sent to do relief work with a church group in Kassel, Germany, and later to Italy. He remained two and a half years in all.

"The need was appalling; my only

PUT IT TO A VOTE

Omer A. Kearney



James Keller, in his book "A Day at a Time," tells about a businessman who was disturbed. He belonged to a group of men who did many fine things for the city, but he was unhappy in one respect.

At the club's annual meeting the entertainment was so questionable that he thought it was disgraceful. He protested to the president of the club, but got the usual answer, "That's what the clubmen want."

The man challenged that statement, and asked that a ballot be taken among the members. To the surprise of all, the men voted 77 per cent for "change to decency."

"I think this would be an excellent idea for many social clubs. I hear the men musing about the cost of liquor, and the women say they don't like it, but here's the statement, 'Everybody does it.'"

I suggest a secret ballot with a chance to vote between liquor and soft drinks or ice cream. This might bring a surprise.

Now it was Joe's Place black. Mack looked after them. The golden blossom dangled like a tiny lighted lantern in the girl's dark hair as they vanished, laughing, happy kids in love, like Mack and Peg that day of the canoe ride.

Now it was Joe's Place red. Mack looked back at the waiting glass, suddenly seeing what was inside it. The whisky looked like blood, Peg's blood, Peg's life, Peg's energy leaking as she ironed, Peg, trapped, saying wistfully, "Like spring."

Peg's life was what the snakes drank. Mack stood with one foot inside the doorway. His gaze locked with the bar-

grinned. The snakes almost had a fit. The bartender dropped a glass, but caught it.

Mack's foot hit his own stairs eagerly. His triumph was a shaky thing, but it was triumph all the same. Peg was still ironing. Her shadow moved on the wall.

As the door swung open, Peg looked up in alarm. The first thing Mack did was to walk over and switch off the iron. Peg saw the oranges in the bag, but he held the flowers behind him. They were dripping a bit through the newspaper wrapping as he said, "Peg, guess what I brought you."

worry was whether I could measure up to it," he observes.

The work included everything from housebuilding, bricklaying, painting, and scrubbing, to schoolteaching and organizing gangs of street urchins into channels of usefulness. Obstacles were often overwhelming, the work endless and discouraging, the people suspicious and sometimes ungrateful. But Don had a recourse that never failed him. "I prayed," he says.

The tough street urchins became his friends and helpers in the work of reconstruction, some of the toughest becoming leaders. To lift the hopelessness of the inmates of the bleak displaced persons' camps seemed a task no one man could hope to accomplish, but he did whatever came to hand, and vowed that if ever he got the opportunity he would try to give these unwanted people a chance in life.

Success brought him that opportunity after he returned, broken in health, to America. Today his screen and stage stardom remain secondary in importance to the work toward which he contributes a major part of his energies and funds. His wife, Hope Lange, a young actress of much promise, is in complete sympathy with his European mission and is abroad with him much of the year. Their son, Christopher, was born abroad.

Traveling about Europe and America in circles simple or sophisticated, Don has not found it hard to say No to social drinking. He needs no artificial stimulus to give him pleasure in life, and he makes few excuses for not conforming to social pressures, except to state simply that he thinks the habits are bad for his health.

"To me real success is not just living happily," he says, "but also fruitfully."

Addiction to any narcotic, he feels, indicates an emotional vacuum. He fervently hopes that his portrayal of an addict may have done its small part in helping those so desperately in need of help, and it was with this hope and for this reason alone that he took the part. In fact, he accepts only those parts he feels will be constructive.

This conscience concerning the parts he will accept was at first believed by Hollywood to be a bid for publicity. The town knows better by now. Don consistently applies this concept to every aspect of his life, from refusing to kill to refusing to take a drink, and he's willing to pay whatever price such non-conformity requires of him. His attitude is perhaps summed up best.

"When I was fifteen I was a 'cutup,' but the war made me think about life seriously. I began to take interest in religion. I decided that I wanted to be

a good and useful human being, a more serious and responsible person."

For this reason Don Murray, a man literally "outside himself," has dedicated his life to helping those less fortunate, whether this is accomplished by establishing homes for hopeless ex-prisoners of a war that has ended, or by portraying a role to shed light on the suffering of far more hopeless prisoners of a war that is never-ending.

LIQUOR AND THE LAW

(Continued from page 14)

of personal consumption as distinguished from sales is the invasion of a private right and is unconstitutional. On the other hand, other courts have held that alcoholic beverages are so inherently dangerous as to bring them within the police power of the state even to the point of prohibiting their personal private possession.

Dry or Wet?

The sentiment of the citizens of our nation is not unanimous either for or against legalized whisky. At the last report, no state was entirely legally dry. Seven states were entirely legally wet, and forty-two states were operating under some form of local-option system whereby cities or counties are permitted to decide for themselves whether or not liquor might be legally sold within their jurisdiction.

There need be no alarm merely because Americans are not unanimous on the wet-dry question. Although it may seem paradoxical, it is nevertheless true that the independence of thought and action still available under our limited states' rights constitutes one of the greatest sources of strength of America. A nation is much stronger for the forthright expression and enactment of differing philosophies than it would be in an artificial imposition of the will of one sector of the population upon another and contrary-minded group.

Government in the United States is by the consent of the governed. No governmental sanction or control can be effective without the support and approval of the majority of those governed.

The effort to regulate the sale of liquor generally takes the form of licensing of sales outlets, the regulation of qualification of applicants, the consent or objection of neighbors, and the possibility of cancellation of the license for misbehavior or violating regulations.

Under the head of regulation of sales, the sale of liquor to minors is generally prohibited; various laws and regulations prohibit sale of liquor on Sundays, holidays, or election days.

Some laws prohibit sale of liquor to women or in proximity to schools or churches. One of the most common means of circumventing or evading liquor laws or regulations is the so-called club plan, whereby patrons of an establishment organize themselves into a club which serves only its members. Such arrangements have been frequently held to be lawful and to be outside prohibition by law.

Making of "Moonshine"

The illicit manufacture of liquor, usually referred to as "moonshining," remains a tremendous and widespread activity in our nation. It is carried on as often to evade liquor taxes as to evade prohibition laws. Much publicity has been given to the mountain stills of Tennessee, but I can say that stills are not confined to the mountains of Tennessee. I have been informed by a reliable employee of our state government that during one year he spotted from the air more than 1,200 stills.

A dramatic chapter in the history of liquor regulation is currently being written on our highways as state and Federal officers seek to interrupt the tremendous flow of illegal liquor on our public highways. This is especially true in the mountains of such states as Tennessee and Virginia where so-called night riders drive souped-up automobiles at fantastic speeds around the curves of mountain roads as they make their runs from still to market.

A considerable part of the time of our courts is spent in determining questions relating to the confiscation of captured liquor, the confiscation of automobiles transporting illicit liquor, and so forth.

By way of summarizing the efforts of society to prohibit, restrain, or regulate the sale and use of liquor, I am forced in all candor to state that the most that can be accomplished by government under the present circumstances is a reasonable amount of restraint. So long as a substantial portion of our population desires to use liquor, and liquor is available, it will continue to be extremely difficult to enforce liquor laws of any kind. Furthermore, so long as a sizable portion of our population feels that it is all right to drink, it will continue to be difficult to secure convictions for any form of liquor-law violations or for any misconduct relating to drunkenness.

Up to the present point, we have considered law in its relation to citizens, in its prohibitory sense, and the problem of punishing for law violations. In the next article we will see how liquor and its use enter into the problem of disputes between citizens.

MAN OF PURPOSE

(Continued from page 9)

are as sympathetic as my father is. They are able to pick up the ball when I leave and do the work when I am not here."

Regardless of where he is, Howard insists that his Christian principles apply to his business, too. "We are honest in our advertising and decent in our employee relations. And we face our competition the same way."

Where did this deep sense of responsibility come from?

"The power of Christ, the need for God, came to me in a firsthand way at a young people's program," he answered. "My friends had gone into the Army, but I was too young to be accepted. And with their going came a tremendous interest in God and in the Bible."

There was a pause and then Howard E. Butt, Jr., went on again. "I had been a typical teen-ager, in revolt against religion and everything else. When I changed, naturally people wanted to know why. They asked me to come and tell them, and I did."

He is still doing that.

And he went on to detail to me the work and organization of the laymen's institutes and services in cities and communities across the country.

These institutes have a great value for the average man and woman, Howard pointed out. "It is easier for people to identify themselves with the layman," he explained, and then continued: "For that reason I am trying to encourage further lay participation. That's why Christian Men, Inc., was established."

This group, without any formal membership, functions under the professional direction of Leonard Holloway as executive secretary and will help to stimulate the concept of lay participation in Christian churches, encourage groups of men to meet for an exchange of viewpoints and convictions, develop employee-attitude studies to show management the relationship of moral principles and religious convictions to job performances, and organize a speaker's bureau to provide speakers and resource material to oppose all religious indifference.

Again Howard paused, and then went on: "Too many pastors are overburdened. These revitalized laymen will have a fresh dedication to the total mission of the church and will serve it in many ways."

There was a longer pause this time, a reflective look was in his eyes. Then he commented: "God does guide. He guided me to marry my wife." He

spoke of his attractive dark-eyed wife who used to fly with him constantly on his many evangelistic trips. Now that there are two children, she goes less often. "Barbara Dan could not be a more wonderful wife. She is a constant joy to me."

"Yes," he nodded his head again, "God *does* guide. Peter Marshall died and his wife carried his ministry to greater breadth. *God has given me a sense of purpose to my life.*"

With this, the busy young executive turned to his telephone. "Excuse me, but I must call my wife to find out how my little boy is doing. She thought he had measles this morning."

As his wife answered the phone, his face lighted up. The strong love for

Old Fossils?

Olga Root Newcombe

Three years ago a California liquor baron harangued Riverside County voters. He ended with: "We have put the skids under the W.C.T.U. You and I will vote the old fossils out of existence!"

"Skids," huh? The "old fossils" actively supported a Hindu, D. S. Saund, to be their representative in the United States Congress because he neither smokes nor drinks. He was elected with a substantial margin over his opponent, dynamic Jacqueline Cochran Odum, the famous aviatrix.

Last year the "old fossils" re-elected their Hindu teetotaler with an even more impressive majority of votes over a personable young lawyer, John Rabbage.

The "old fossils" concentrated on young voters as their strategy. Youngsters, they know, always become vociferous boosters for their favorite candidates.

his wife glowed in his eyes, in the tenderness of his voice. Then he finished his conversation with: "I'll be out soon."

En route to his home, Howard told how his youngest son had been removed to his grandparents' home in order not to infect his oldest son, who also bears the name of Howard.

Once inside the beautiful home, Butt the busy executive and Butt the religious leader vanished. Instead, there was only the indulgent father who let his towheaded namesake leap at him full force and cling to his neck with affectionate shouts of "Daddy, Daddy, you going to stay for lunch?"

Daddy not only stayed for lunch, he

let the boy "ride" his left leg into the house and then pummel him in a vigorous wrestling match on the floor of the formal living room.

The wrestling match was followed by an equally vigorous game of bounce the ball, this time in the informal living room, which is filled with the kind of furniture best described as "lived in."

There is a comfortable chaise standing in the corner filled with young Howard's favorite nursery books. His father reads to him in their quieter moments. However, the youngest Howard does not stay quiet long. Now sitting upright, he shouted: "Daddy, let's play horse and cowboy. You be the horse and I be the cowboy."

The executive vice-president of the H. E. Butt Grocery Company, who is known for his long and valiant fight for his principles, yielded without a word. He got down on his knees and his son grinning from ear to ear with delight, shouted, "Giddyap, daddy, giddyap, daddy; faster, faster!"

Only the fact that a large group of students waited to hear him in one of the classrooms at the University of Corpus Christi saved "Daddy." It took Mrs. Butt to put a sudden end to the game of cowboy riding his horse at full gallop through her living room and dining room, where leaders of all faiths from all parts of the country have been entertained.

Watching all this play directed by an enchanting towhead, who loves his father as all boys should, one could only say that the father, Howard E. Butt, Jr., who will not permit the sale of liquor and beer in any of his seventy-seven stores, and who spends almost half his time bringing the message of Christianity to other businessmen, is truly an amazing young man, a young man with a purpose.

NEGLECTED BACK DOOR

(Continued from page 10)

protest, except from law-enforcement officers. They blame the leniency being shown convicted felons as a contributing factor in the state's rapid crime increase, an increase which exceeds the national rate.

Two ex-convicts, addicted to alcohol and drugs, are now facing trial on charges of brutally murdering a young nurse for money. Another recently paroled ex-convict, George Albert Scott, is also held on a charge of committing a murder since his release a few months ago. Scott, who is charged with shooting down a motion-picture company executive in a robbery, tried to shoot his way out of a police trap in Arkansas.

Pointing to these cases, Police Chief William Parker of Los Angeles has urged a tightening up of California's parole system. "We must be more realistic in dealing with the problem," he declares.

And while Chief Parker and most other law-enforcement officers in the state urge stiffer sentences for dope peddlers and other lawbreakers, the California State Board of Corrections contends this is not the solution.

The board argues that law enforcement should be stepped up by greater public co-operation with the police, and by the addition of special officers, assigned to work with Federal agents in cutting down smuggling at California's Mexican border and along the seacoast.

The idea of closing the Mexican border to unescorted teen-agers, in order to reduce this source of supply of both heroin and marijuana, is now being advocated by Attorney General Stanley Mosk of California. A like idea was proposed by Representative Craig Hosmer, of Long Beach, more than two years ago, writing in *Listen*, and he introduced a bill to provide for that safeguard. Hosmer's bill was never passed, but new legislation having the same objective is now being considered by California congressmen.

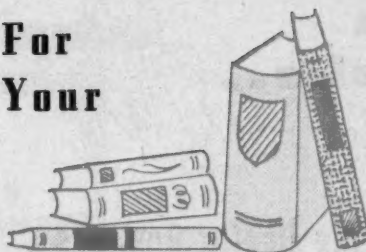
One caution that needs special attention in this proposed legislation is that a law merely prohibiting juveniles unaccompanied by adults from leaving the United States without a permit from the United States Attorney General is not a real safeguard. The law should provide that the juvenile has to be accompanied by a parent, a guardian, or a person of moral responsibility. Otherwise, organized vice will soon be providing dubious escorts for hire for juveniles who wish to cross the border to obtain marijuana or drug supplies.

The serious nature of the narcotics problem is indicated by statistics compiled recently by the California State Board of Corrections. In 1957, 10,373 arrests for narcotics violations were made in the state, although only 2,291 were convicted. Only one out of ten went to prison. A like percentage got off with jail terms and probation. The remainder went free.

The cost to the state's taxpayers, resulting from the narcotics traffic, is estimated at \$65,900,888 a year, according to the California Board.

But this cost estimate does not include the broken homes, the wasted lives, the murders, or the lifelong suffering of the thousands who have become slaves of drugs. Though the total number of addicts in the United States has been estimated at 60,000, many youngsters, seeking a momentary thrill,

For Your



Reading and Reference

Gordon Seay, ONE DRINK AWAY, Charlotte, North Carolina: Heritage House, 1958. \$1.50.

The typical story of an alcoholic and his rehabilitation, this story goes through all the ramifications of how he began to drink, the depths to which he went, and his recovery through Alcoholics Anonymous.

The author concludes: "I have been sober, now, for three years. . . . Home has become a beehive of activity. . . . Days just aren't long enough for the things that I must do to make up for twenty lost years. . . . It is fun to be alive, for I feel that at last I am a whole man."

His advice to alcoholics is summed up in twelve pages, and entitled "A Personal Word to Alcoholics"—information well worth the price of the book.

Raymond G. McCarthy, editor, DRINKING AND INTOXICATION, New Haven, Connecticut: Yale Center of Alcohol Studies, 1959. \$7.50.

Divided into five parts, this 456-page book is a collection of reprints primarily from various authors writing for the *Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcohol* and other Yale Center publications.

This work strives to cover the whole field of the alcohol problem, including the effects of drinking on the human

system, the history of drinking in various countries, present practices, and the control measures used over the years.

There is much of value for the discerning reader, although he should read with his eyes wide open. Valuable reference material is available here for the student of social and cultural trends.

Perhaps as significant as what is included in this book is what its editor and authors seem to take for granted. For example, they evidently feel that the average person well knows the lead-on factors of drinking and the potential addictive nature of alcohol as a drug. This is not dealt with.

Looking ahead, the conclusion is blandly drawn, "there is no blueprint for the future." Pity it is that in this age of so-called enlightenment and scientific knowledge, man has to lie impotent and answerless before one of his age-old social problems, a problem created by his own destructive practice. This book extends no program of solution, brushes off the efforts of what it terms "well-meaning pressure groups," and leaves the entire picture unfinished and the mind of the reader unsatisfied.

Hassoldt Davis, BONJOUR, HANG-OVER! New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1958. \$2.50.

Cartoons by Reese Brandt help this book illustrate graphically what the author is trying to put over—how to recover from a hang-over, or how to drink without aftereffects. Quoting ancient as well as contemporary writers, the author concludes with the suggestions: (1) drink a glass of milk before going to bed; (2) eat a slice of bread with cheese, or buttered toast; (3) take a dose of something for gastric hyperacidity, two aspirins, and 30 milligrams of vitamin B-1 in tablet form.

The most logical hang-over preventive of all is not even suggested—leave the stuff alone in the first place!

are joining the ranks of the "hooked."

Locking up addicts will not solve the problem, as long as we continue to grant quick, easy paroles to crime-hardened peddlers. Even though we need to put new emphasis on educational programs, pointing up the menace of dope addiction, and co-operate with our local law-enforcement officers in strengthening enforcement, we must not neglect the revolving rear doors on our prisons. It does no good to lock the front door and leave the back door wide open.

In recent years it has been fashionable to become sentimental over prisoners,

to boast of prisons without walls, and to prate piously about making imprisonment as painless as possible.

Certainly, all Christian people want to see prisoners—even narcotics pushers—treated humanely, but this does not mean that our prisons should be made into luxury hotels, or that vicious law violators should be given a gentle slap on the wrist and turned loose before they have served a proper, corrective sentence.

As long as America is apathetic and neglectful of these quick paroles, the narcotics evil, and all manner of crime, will continue to grow.



Youth Asks..



The Doctor Answers

R. W. Spalding, M.D.

Listen invites you to send your questions to Dr. Spalding, c/o Listen Editorial Offices, 6840 Eastern Ave., N.W., Washington 12, D.C.

If alcohol is a narcotic, why can it be legally sold?

1. Because it is profitable to produce and sell.
2. Because the public has been educated by the liquor interests to believe that in moderate amounts it is harmless.
3. Because the general public has not been informed of the dangerous effect on the individual, the home, and the community.

Can the drinking habit be inherited?

It is possible to inherit alcoholism under certain conditions. If the mother is an alcoholic and drinks during the period of gestation, the infant will also develop alcoholism. If the mother is not an alcoholic, that is, if she does not use alcoholic beverages during the period of gestation and lactation, there is little reason to expect that the infant will inherit the tendency through the genes from the father or mother.

There is definite evidence to indicate that children of alcoholic parents are apt to be defective either mentally or physically, or both, especially when the mother drinks during pregnancy.

Could the world get along without any intoxicating liquors?

Be honest now. List the good things that happen because your neighbor and his wife became intoxicated. Now list the harmful things. What do you think?

Can a person drink once in a while and not become addicted to it?

Some may, but at least one out of every eight cannot. In other words, one out of every eight who takes his first drink will become addicted to the extent that he becomes an alcoholic. There is no way to determine who will thus become addicted. Why take poison just to see who will be master, you or the poison?

Can alcohol be injected?

Yes, it is occasionally injected into a branch of a nerve where it is necessary to destroy the nerve because of persistent pain not relieved by other means.

Please give authoritative evidence of the immediate harmful effects of alcohol on our health.

Some immediate effects of from one to three beers or shots of whisky ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of alcohol) taken on an empty stomach over a period of ten to thirty minutes on an adult weighing 150 pounds may be summarized:

1. Reflexes having to do with, for example, driving skills and typing are slowed. All airplane pilots are strictly forbidden to take even a small amount of alcohol for a period of eighteen hours previous to flight time.
2. The drinker seems certain that his skills have been improved, because his judgment is impaired.
3. He will be more reckless because his "mental brakes," his inhibitions, have been released.
4. One less immediate effect coming in varying degrees with increasing amounts of alcohol is the sobering-up-period hang-over. Any true food taken in moderation gives strength and endurance and a feeling of well-being. Poisons leave the body in a weakened and depressed condition.

Perhaps the best authoritative evidence is afforded by highway-accident patients who tell me, "I just had a couple of beers." But do they stop drinking? NO. Alcohol keeps its devotees fooled. It effectively "pulls the wool over the eyes" of its users. The accident "just happened" this time. The drinker was a "victim of circumstances." He won't let it happen again, so he thinks. He refuses to accept the scientific evidence of what alcohol does to him, and any others who are mocked by wine or strong drink are sure that their abilities were improved by the drink.

NEGLECTED INSTRUCTION

(Continued from page 11)

Advocates of the clinic plan also say, "Take the profit out of dope, give it away freely, and you will solve the dope problem." Can they truly hope to solve the problem by making this poison easily available to men, women, and children?

It is true that the smuggling of narcotics into our country cannot be stopped because of lack of manpower. Also, it is true that the addicts in our jails and hospitals are not being cured, nor could they be cured in clinics. Neither are our new stringent laws the complete solution. But there is an answer—a broad program of narcotics education.

Such a program must needs be nationwide, and should include the following features as the minimum requirement:

1. All the essential facts and the horrors of drug addiction should be graphically explained in all our high schools. An educational program showing the effect of narcotic drugs on the human system should be a prescribed part of the curricula of every high school in the United States.

2. Instruction by qualified narcotics experts, similar to those in the Federal Bureau of Narcotics Training School, and by scientists and medical men, should be given in all state normal universities and teachers' colleges.

3. A manual on the basic information concerning narcotics and drug addiction should be provided to all teachers in every school. In this way every student will at least be cognizant of this evil.

4. School authorities should invite narcotics officers to address student assemblies, because their everyday activities with the addicts qualify them as experts who can dramatize the evils of drug addiction. A qualified officer can warn and alert youth to the approach of "pushers." Such presentations should be factual and honest. The truth is repulsive and sickening enough to deter any inquisitive youth who might otherwise take a chance.

Arousing a pupil or a student to the baseness of the drug evil can and does bring about a chain reaction. Such a program of education in high schools will be effective not merely for the youth, but also for the community, the city, the state, and the nation.

An aroused, educated citizenry is the only real answer to this problem, which, if not solved, will have an incalculable degenerative effect on our youth and our nation.



Golden Guideposts

Titus A.
Frazee

No. 5 BENEVOLENT BROTHERHOOD

Jean Rousseau asks the question, "What wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness?" Benevolent brotherhood follows naturally, then, as a Golden Guidepost of supreme significance.

Everyone who has tried it knows that it is in unselfish ministry that true happiness is found.

In his eloquent sermon "Three Ways of Life"* C. Roy Angell recalls: "A businessman of San Antonio, one of the grandest Christians I ever knew, came over to my home late one night about two weeks after Christmas. As I opened the door I asked him, 'What brings you out this time of evening?'"

"Smilingly he answered, 'I've got to tell you something that made this Christmas the most wonderful one of my life.' He got comfortable before the fire and began. 'About four weeks ago my brother gave me a Packard automobile for a Christmas present. One evening a few days before Christmas, I came down out of my office and walked over to my car. There was a little street urchin walking around it touching it with a finger and looking in the windows. When I put the key in the door, he came around on my side. He was ragged and dirty and barefooted.

"He squinted up at me and said, 'Is this your automobile, mister?'"

"I smiled at him and said, 'It sure is, son. Isn't it a beauty?'"

"Mister, what did it cost?"

"When I told him I didn't know, he looked me up and down carefully and then spoke. 'Mister, you don't look like a man that would steal an automobile. Where did you get it?'"

"With a bit of pride I told him, 'My brother gave it to me for a Christmas present.'

"You mean—" he said, "you mean your brother gie it to you, and it didn't cost you nothing?"

"I said, 'That's right. My brother gie it to me, and it didn't cost me nothing.'

"He dug his toes down against the sidewalk for a minute and was lost in thought, then he began, 'I wist'—I knew what he was going to wish. He

was going to wish he had a brother like that, and I had the answer ready for him. But he didn't say that, and what he did say jarred me all the way down to my heels. 'I wist I could be a brother like that.'

"What did you say?" I asked in astonishment.

"He repeated, 'I wist I could be a brother like that.'

"It confused me so that I couldn't find an answer, and I blurted out, 'Don't you want to ride in my automobile?'"

"He looked at his clothes and answered, 'It's so pretty and clean, and I'm so dirty I would muss it up.'

"You might be dirty on the outside, but you're mighty clean on the inside. You will do my automobile good. Get in."

"He wanted to know what everything on the panel board was, and I sat there and explained it to him. We hadn't gone far when he turned and with his eyes aglow said, 'Mister, would you mind driving in front of my house?' I smiled a little as I squeezed the big car down a half-alley and half-street. I thought I knew what he wanted. I thought he wanted to show his neighbors that he could ride home in a big automobile, but I had him wrong again.

"He pointed ahead and said, 'Stop right where those two steps are. Will you stay here,' he asked, 'till I come back? It will be just a minute.' He ran up the steps, and then in a little while I heard him coming back, but he was not coming fast. He was coming down like he was carrying a load and putting his best foot down first and then the other one even with it. On the steps that came down on the inside I saw his feet first, and then I saw two more feet, withered and dangling. He was carrying his little brother. Infantile paralysis was written all over him. The well boy set his brother down on the bottom step and then sat down by him, sort of squeezed him up against him and pointed to the car.

"There she is, Buddy, just like I told you upstairs. His brother gie it to him, and it didn't cost him a cent,

and someday I'm gonna gie you one."

"I slowly climbed out and sat down by them. 'So that's the reason,' I said, 'that you wanted to be a brother like that?'"

"Yes," he answered. "You see, the store windows are full of pretty things, and I try to remember them, but I can't tell him about them very well, and someday I'm gonna gie him a car so he can see them himself."

"I said to them both, 'We won't wait until then. I'm going to put you both in the car and let you see them today, and I am going to let you pick out anything you want, and I'll buy it for you.' I put a Christmas tree up in that house and played Santa Claus for them. It was the grandest Christmas I ever had."

"He had learned what Jesus meant when He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Thomas Carlyle has put it better than I could frame the words:

"To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuler, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuler, happier, —more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God."

Or as Joaquin Miller expresses it in verse:

"I do not question school nor creed
Of Christian, Protestant or priest;
I only know that creeds to me
Are but new names for mystery,
That good is good from east to east,
And more I do not know nor need
To know, to love my neighbor well."

*From *Baskets of Silver*, Broadman Press, Nashville, Tennessee, 1955. Used by permission.

BLOOD ALCOHOL LEVEL

(Continued from page 22)

velopment of wisdom and insight in our medical and legal professions to the extent that the organized weight of these professions is put solidly behind the concept that *the operator of a motor vehicle must not have a blood alcohol level of .05 per cent or higher*. Even this is a compromise with the realities of the situation. A recent study by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police showed that of seven subjects examined at blood alcohol levels from zero to .15 per cent, five showed signs of impairment, and two exhibited no evidence of impaired driving ability.

We must face the contemporary facts of life (and death) in 1959!

That something more than 50 per cent of our fatal crashes involve a drinking driver should be evidence enough!

ONE STEP TO CHAOS?

(Continued from page 17)

by visiting oil company personnel. Drinking being a part of their social entertaining, it was quite natural for the social grace to be offered to the Arabs. Among those tendered this hospitality were the sons of Ibn Saud. Within a short time the heady relaxation of the foreigners caused some of the princes to forget the teachings of the Koran. The end result? The murder of British Vice Consul Cyril Ousman by the king's third son. The affair was the result of an argument, under the influence of foreign liquor, over the prince's unwanted attentions to one of Ousman's female house guests.

Proud but just King Saud was put in the position of ordering his son's execution, a sentence which was rescinded by a request from Ousman's widow, herself wounded in the fracas.

Surveying the holocaust, Ibn Saud decided that while his son was not without fault, the real source of trouble was the introduction of drinking into his country. Forthwith he banned all liquor imports to his kingdom.

Oil company officials were immediately threatened by loss of personnel when twenty quit their jobs because of the lack of alcoholic recreation, and others indicated they would follow suit; but the welfare of his sons and people was of more concern to King Saud than the inability of his visitors to live without alcoholic escape.

Americans take a remarkably casual attitude toward social drinking, and distillers understandably foster this attitude at every opportunity. Some years ago medical journals accepted liquor advertising. They stopped this practice, at a significant loss in advertising revenue, because physicians felt it incongruous to permit the promotion of a known poison in journals devoted to health.

During the time such advertising was permitted, the United States Brewers Foundation placed, among others, an advertisement in the staid *New England Journal of Medicine*. In it they philosophized that all of us have social "allergies." Some of us might not like certain entertainers or types of entertainment, and some might not appreciate beer. The important thing, however, it was said, is that we should not let these social "allergies" cause us to be intolerant in our attitude of another's way of life. This, rather pointedly, included enjoying beer in moderation.

This live-and-let-live philosophy costs United States industries more than a billion dollars a year in lost time and

efficiency. In 1955 alcoholism figured in three out of four suits for divorce or separate maintenance in the city of Los Angeles. Throughout the nation, 55 per cent of arrests are due to violations of alcohol laws or crime directly related to the use of alcohol. Upwards of twenty thousand persons annually lose their lives because some drivers have been drinking. And in 25 to 50 per cent of all accidents, depending on the study reporting the figures, alcohol has been a contributing factor.

How valid is the frequently proposed statement that alcohol in moderation is beneficial rather than detrimental? One of the best answers to this is found in a study carried out by the joint committee of the Actuarial Society of America and the Association of Life Insurance Directors. This committee studied more than 2,000,000 policyholders' records in an attempt to decide whether the moderate drinker—that is, a person who takes an average of two glasses of beer or one shot of whisky or their equivalent daily—is less desirable as an insurance risk than others who do not drink.

It was found that the better class of risks among moderate drinkers who were accepted at standard rates of premium had a mortality 15 per cent

lost weekends lasted for two or three days. These persons were found to be distinctly hazardous risks, with a relative mortality of 331 per cent.

Approximately 60,000,000 adults in the United States can be classified today as social drinkers, who are supposed to be able to take alcohol or leave it alone within the limits of common sense. But 5,000,000 chronic alcoholics in our nation can testify that common sense and moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages are not necessarily a protection from disaster.

It is true that many Americans use alcohol as a method of relaxation and social entertainment without noticeable permanent effects on their own lives. And it is true that certain, though minor, medicinal effects can be obtained from the drug. But a significant number of casual drinkers soon find to their regret that alcohol has ensnared them in a way of life which for a time seems more pleasant than real life. Most important of all, the influence of a casual use of alcohol in the home is only beginning to make its detrimental effects known on American youth who as children learned to accept drinking as a part of everyday living.

Some time ago a young man spotted a friend of his, a judge in one of the city's courts, sipping a hot drink at the end of a mid-August lunch. Jokingly, he approached the judge with the comment, "You'll overheat yourself, your honor. You ought to try an iced drink. Have you ever tried whisky?"

His honor smiled and commented, "No, but I've tried hundreds of people who have!"

He had a point!

IRISH CRUSADER

(Continued from page 23)

to 130,000. Irishmen poured into Cork from near and distant towns.

Convinced that the time was ripe to preach his crusade outside of his own bailiwick, Father Mathew left Cork in December, 1839, for Limerick. Within four days he had given the pledge to 150,000.

The temperance priest was completely overwhelmed by the success of the campaign. Squads of police and even a regiment of soldiers to prevent injury to the priest from the idolizing crowds were a common sight wherever he preached.

The strain of constant preaching and little eating weakened Father Mathew, and he suffered a stroke in 1848. But within a year, determined that a rising America should also hear about his temperance crusade, and heartened by the pension voted him by the Eng-

The Golden Rule

World-wide

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Christianity.

"The true rule is to do by the things of others as you do by your own."—Hinduism.

"One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self."—Buddhism.

"Do as you would be done by."—Parsee.

"What you would not wish done to yourself, do not do to others."—Confucianism.

"Let none of you treat a brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated."—Mohammedanism.

higher than the average of all insured lives treated at standard risk. A prominent factor in this increased risk rested in the fact that many of the applicants became immoderate drinkers at a later date.

Of interest are the findings on another group studied by these investigators. The group consisted of individuals who drank to excess not oftener than three times a year, but each of those

Poems With A Purpose

by
"Listen"
Authors

PERFECT GIFT

Margaret Neel

He sends her red roses, with "love" in the note,
Or a necklace of pearls for her tense lovely throat;
He brings her rare treasures and tries hard to please;
But the gift that she longs for is not one of these.
She'd do without roses, their beauty and scent,
For one special promise that was kept and was meant;
She would part with the pearls, so lustrous and fine,
For one happy evening without taint of wine;
She'd give up these presents of pleasure and pain
For a small scrap of paper—his pledge to abstain.

EARTH'S ALLY

Bertha R. Hudelson

Coaxing fingers
Of gentle rain
Wheedle tired flowers
To bloom again.

CHEERFULNESS

Frederick D. Brewer

I watched a kettle on the stove,
And I was glad to see
The bubbling goodness it contained
Was boiling merrily.

And as I watched expectantly,
The contents bubbled o'er
And scattered little splashes
Of its goodness on the floor.

Then came along a little fly
And settled on a bubble,
Partaking of its flavor, and
Forgetting all his trouble.

And so, the bubbling over of
The kettle of good will
Sheds little drops of cheerfulness
Upon life's somber grill.

Of all my friends who come to call,
Most welcome guest is he
Who scatters cheerfulness around
When visiting with me.

A SONG IN MY HEART

Terrell Parker

"There's a song in my heart," sighed the lily,
"And the music like joy bells is ringing.
The words written there with the world I would share;
But, alas, I have no voice for singing."

"Won't you give me your song?" said the robin.
"In my concert I gladly will use it.
Your message so sweet I will oftentimes repeat,
That the world in the rush may not lose it."

"It is yours, robin dear," said the lily,
"For I know how the world loves to hear you.
High up in the tree you may sing it for me,
While I listen with rapture and cheer you."

HOMEKEEPING

Clarence Edwin Flynn

This is so fair a world! It reaches far.
Its continents and seas, its climes so wide,
Its mighty ceiling decked with cloud and star,
Its winds that whisper peace on every side,
Its friendly roads that ramble everywhere,
Its boundless gifts of providence and good,
Are ours to keep forever clean and fair—
The dwelling of our human brotherhood.

Ours is so fair a land! Strong hands have sown
Its fields and set its gardens blooming bright.
Love has built hearths and rooftrees for its own
To shelter them from every hurt and blight.
God gave it to the keeping of the brave.
This blessed trust of mountain, field, and shore
Is ours to let its lovely banner wave
Over a worthy race forevermore.

THE OVERCOMERS

Emily May Young

Earthly desires keep men in bondage,
Only the overcomers are free.
They are the souls attaining perfection,
Changing from anguish to felicity.

REDEMPTION

Genie Grieder

One was weary on the road to hell.
God reached out as he stumbled and fell,
Whispering, "Rise! For you know quite well
You are a man."

"Man!" cried the fallen one. "Mock me not.
Leave me alone to fester and rot.
Hope have I none. This is my lot.
No! Not a man."

Then faintly, at first, hope began to grow.
His was the choice what seeds to sow.
Finally, "Thank You, Father. At last I know
I am a man!"

lish Parliament, the ailing priest left for the United States, backed by 1,500 newspapers which praised the abstinence campaign for its ability to cut the crime rate in half.

Everywhere in the United States the flag of adulation preceded and followed the tireless priest. Even when he was confined to his bed with illness in New York City, such dignitaries as Vice-President Millard Fillmore, General Lewis Cass, leader of the Democratic party, and Henry Clay paid him friendly calls.

However, the rigors of the long years of campaigning had taken their toll. Even a long vacation in a secluded cabin in an Arkansas forest failed to revive completely the priest's former herculean

energies. This after a grueling itinerary of 37,000 miles, covering twenty-five states. Possessing no superman angles, no high-powered slogans, this rather old-fashioned friar had managed to inscribe a total of more than 600,000 American pledgers.

Back in Ireland and recuperating at the home of his brother, and always gracious to the scores of persons who discovered his whereabouts and pleaded to take the pledge, the priest faltered completely in November, 1856. He fell to the ground, powerless. Conscious for several days, he continued to attract pledgers whose only pledge affirmation came from the slight squeeze of the priest's hand.

The end came when he was sixty-six

years old, in the nineteenth year of his crusade. "Death stole upon him as gently as sleep upon a wearied man," his attendants said.

Determined never to forget the inspiring and amazing feats of Father Mathew, once each year since 1876 a large group of enthusiastic youth and adults, members of the successor to his organization, now the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, gather before the Centennial Fountain in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

There the group places a wreath before the statue of a priest whose tactics in the mid-1800's brought near paralysis to the distillery business in Ireland and simultaneously bent the back of a severe crime wave.

NOT A PHONY

(Continued from page 17)

parked in front of it for another fifteen minutes, but he knew by now that Tony and Manuel were not going to show up. Back at the office, the customs man revealed that he had watched the Mercury Sunliner pass the café, but it didn't stop, and it hadn't returned.

It was hard to try to put the whole thing out of his mind, and he couldn't help a feeling of eagerness when he picked up the telephone a few days later and heard the same mysterious voice that had called him originally.

"This time they will come," he was reassured. Then the voice became almost a snarl. "You get those hijackers!"

"I'll get you later, boy," he promised silently. "But thanks for the tip!"

At 9:00 p.m. Springett walked into Sparky's Café for the third time. Manuel and another man were seated at the bar. Tony couldn't come, the strange man explained, and he would act as interpreter for Manuel. They hadn't kept the appointment last time because they did not see the car in front of the café.

"Are you ready to make a deal?" Pedro inquired.

"No, I made a score in Calexico," Springett hedged. He was determined to get all the heroin this time. "How about \$2,000 for all six ounces?"

Manuel shook his head when the offer was interpreted, and \$400 an ounce was his last price. Springett made a quick decision and said that he would take five ounces with the \$2,000 he thought he could raise.

"When you are ready to deal, call me," Pedro said, and gave the agent two telephone numbers. Through Pedro, Manuel asked some questions, and Springett had to identify himself as an ex-convict on parole who associated only with his family and the parole officer.

Through the telephone number, Pedro was easily identified: Pedro Arechiga García de León, forty, working for a Venetian blind company in Tijuana. When the money was released by the state office six days later, Springett called the number he had been given and asked for Pedro.

"This is Nick. I am on my way down. Everything is O.K. I'll take five; 7:30 at the same place."

At seven Springett rented unit No. 4 at the Monterey Motel. He drove from there to National City for a brief meeting with Inspectors Hawkins, Robertson, and Allen of the State Narcotics Department, and Customs Agents Lowman, Spore, and Kingsbury. He then

returned to Sparky's Café. Inspector Robertson and Agent Spore were already in a booth when he walked in. Springett was seated at the bar when Manuel and Pedro came in.

"Are you ready?" Pedro asked.

"Yes. Have you got the stuff?" Springett retorted. Pedro looked at him silently for a moment.

"You wait here with me. Manuel will go and come back with the stuff. Then you give me the money."

Springett stiffened.

"No. I have some money on me, but I left the rest in my car. I have been burned before. We can go to my motel and complete the deal." He watched for the reaction. "Is it all good 'H'?"

Pedro nodded. "Yes, it's all good. I can guarantee it."

Springett got up when Manuel started to leave the bar, but Pedro touched him lightly but firmly on the shoulder. "You wait with me," he said softly, and Springett decided not to press his luck. In three or four minutes Manuel returned with a noticeable bulge in his left front trousers pocket.

Moving a little tentatively, Springett led the way out of the café. Without conversation, the three drove to the motel. Springett felt a few drops of moisture trickling from his collar down his back. At the motel he gestured the two men inside. Manuel immediately made a tour of the rooms: bathroom, closet, kitchen. Then he stepped up to Springett and shook his hand. Springett smiled.

"I like to do business with a careful man," he offered, but Manuel showed no comprehension.

Manuel drew a plastic bag from his pocket and handed it to Springett. Four rubber containers were inside.

Springett opened one and dipped a damp finger into the tan powder. It was bitter; it tasted like heroin. He turned to the two men and nodded.

"Wait till I hide it, and I'll get the rest of the bread."

Springett felt himself moving more reluctantly. He fumbled a little with the key to the trunk of the car. He drew out a rubber boot, thrust his hand down to the toe, and closed his hand over a fat roll of bills.

It was actually a quiet arrest. Manuel, reaching for the money, turned to face the arresting officers almost at the same time. The men from the bureau of narcotics enforcement seemed to appear out of nowhere. Springett closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

The morning paper added a few facts. Manuel Toledo Corro and his supervising agent, Juan Flores Soria (arrested in the waiting Mercury Sunliner), carried credentials and badges identifying them as federal security officers of the Mexican Government in Mexico City. José Angel Plata, forty-three (also arrested in the car), was a customs officer for the Mexican Registrar of Motor Vehicles in Tijuana. He and Pedro Arechiga García de León, the Venetian blind employee, were acting as go-betweens in the sale.

On October 10, 1958, Superior Court Judge William A. Glen sentenced the four Mexicans, convicted of the sale and conspiracy to sell heroin, to serve one to ten years in prison on each count. A request for probation was denied. The judge ordered the sentences of each man to run concurrently.

Springett, when questioned about the risks in his job, remarked, "It's just a matter of thinking on your feet."

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OPINIONS



SAYING "NO" AND NOT "MAYBE"

"Most women who say they must take a drink to be sociable are only kidding themselves. You will have to go a long way to find one who is more sociable than I am. Yet I have never needed liquor as a crutch. When I attend cocktail parties, as I often do, I merely say, 'Ginger ale, please.' And I am not the least bit uncomfortable. A woman who is able to say 'No' so that it sounds like 'No' and not 'Maybe' should have no problem."—Ann Landers, noted columnist for the Sun-Times newspaper syndicate.

Drivers and Drugs

"The fact that the sale of tranquilizers alone has soared over the \$300,000,000-per-year mark is making insurance companies nervous. One man who takes a tranquilizer like miltown or equinal may begin to feel drowsy; another may find that his vision is blurring; a third may develop a false sense of security. Side effects that hinder judgment and skill or create euphoria come from stimulants like benzedrine and barbiturates such as nembutal. The N.S.C. goes so far as to recommend that physicians warn their patients of a prescribed drug's possible effects on driving ability."—E. M. D. Watson.

"Posthaste to the Devil"

"To do anything because others do it, and not because the thing is good or kind or honest in its own right, is to resign all moral control and captaincy upon yourself and go posthaste to the Devil with the great number."—Robert Louis Stevenson, nineteenth-century English writer.

What Is an Alcoholic?

"The fact that a man never drinks alone, or drinks only beer, has nothing to do with the severity of alcoholism. Also, to be a chronic alcoholic it is not necessary for a man to have delirium tremens or to become obviously intoxicated. Neither can alcoholism be diagnosed by the clock. It is not necessary for an individual to start drinking in the morning, before lunch, or before

5 p.m. to be an alcoholic; although as the illness progresses, the hour at which the first drink is taken may be earlier in the day. An alcoholic is any person 'who relies on alcohol to meet the ordinary demands of living and continues to drink excessively after alcohol has caused him marital or occupational difficulty.' He is an alcoholic whether he drinks only in the evening, has never taken a drink when alone, or has not touched anything but beer for five years."—Dr. Jackson A. Smith, Omaha psychiatrist.

Worse Than Heroin

"Even more serious [than insomnia] is the danger of barbiturate addiction. Anyone who takes these drugs in large quantities over the course of six months or a year runs this risk. Many doctors regard a barbiturate addict as harder to cure than a dope case. The withdrawal symptoms, when the drug is abruptly

denied the person, are highly unpleasant: weakness and nausea in the first twelve to sixteen hours; then, in thirty-six hours, an abrupt decline in blood pressure and increased heartbeat, followed by convulsions and psychotic delirium. In 1955, there were an estimated fifty thousand barbiturate addicts in America."—T. F. James, in *Cosmopolitan*, April, 1959.

Advice for Heart Patients

"Recent experiments show that alcohol is one of the worst things a heart patient can take, and here's why:

"Alcohol is a pain killer, ranking about 50 per cent as powerful in this regard as morphine itself. That's why many drunks don't feel as much pain when they fall down or are in an auto accident.

"So alcohol simply masks the pain from a laboring heart. Thus, a heart patient may run upstairs or race for a bus. If the liquor were not anesthetizing his pain, he would immediately realize this danger and slow down."—Dr. George W. Crane.

Inside Prison Walls

"Thousands of men have said to me: 'I'm here because of alcohol.' And wardens will tell you it's a standard thing to find that 80 per cent of convicts are there due to alcohol."—George R. Andrews, an adjutant of the Volunteers of America who has been interviewing inmates for more than thirty-five years.

COFFEE OR NO COFFEE

"In a sample year, 1957, the New York Police Department reported that half the drivers killed in auto crashes were intoxicated. Intoxication, reports the Harvard School of Public Health study, can last up to eighteen hours—coffee or no coffee. Recent tests also show that whether you are an introvert or an extrovert has much to do with how many driving errors you'll make. Sober, it is estimated that a driver must cope with at least one hundred driving situations on a highway per mile (city decisions jump to three hundred per mile), and is bound to make one wrong decision out of every forty. The introvert's errors after drinking a certain amount of alcohol will increase by 6 per cent. The extrovert's errors will jump 23 per cent."—*Cosmopolitan*, April, 1959.

In my work as Army chaplain, I am confronted with many questions. One which is often asked is, "Why don't you drink?" My beliefs concerning alcoholic beverages go beyond moderation or even temperance. I am a nonuser and as such I do not feel that I am an unusually queer individual who is out of step with the world. I find that there are many others who share this position with me. From my conversations with many people who do imbibe, I find that the majority of them wish that they didn't.

Why, then, do I refrain from drinking? The answer is simple: I can't afford to drink!

FINANCIALLY. Maintaining a family of five, supporting my church and other charities, providing adequate insurance, and continuing a sensible savings program call for discriminating judgment. To add an allowance for liquor would cause some other portion of my budget to suffer. I can't afford to drink!

MORALLY. I expect my children to grow up to be decent-living adults. The only way to bring them up in the way they should go, is to travel that way myself. When I realize that beverage alcohol is responsible for at least 37 per cent of pauperism and 45 per cent of child destitution, and that more than 50 per cent of the people in jail have been put there by alcohol, I conclude that I can't afford to drink.

SOCIALLY. I know of too many people who have worked hard to climb the difficult steps to success, and have lost it all during an evening of social drinking. I have not found any alcoholics yet who started out to be alcoholics. They all were going to be just social drinkers, but in due time social drinking jeopardized their job, reputation, home, and everything they had, and became the ruling force of their life. I can't afford to drink!

PHYSICALLY. I still enjoy participation in active sports. I make the twenty-five-mile road marches and five-mile runs with my men without feeling the need of a "snort" to keep me going. I find that a majority of the outstanding champions will not touch liquor. I enjoy life; I want to live. I can't afford to drink!

Clifford E. Keys, Jr.

Chaplain (Captain) U.S. Army

Interview by John E. Keplinger

Chaplain (Captain) U.S. Army

Few military men have such a varied background as has Captain Keys—from high school letters in football and track, to specialty training in violin, voice, and trumpet, to vocations like carpentry and agriculture—but his chief current interest is service with the paratroopers, having served with the 11th Airborne Division, 508th Airborne Regimental Combat Team (United States and Japan), and now with the 1st Airborne Battle Group, 501st Infantry, 101st Airborne Division, Fort Campbell, Kentucky. He has some 133 parachute jumps to his credit.

